

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady.* By Theresa Pulszky. With a Historical Introduction, by Francis Pulszky. Two Vols. Colburn. 1850.
2. *The War in Hungary, 1848, 1849.* By Max Schlesinger. Translated by John Edward Taylor. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Francis Pulszky. Two Vols. Bentley. 1850.
3. *Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary, with the Personal Adventures of an Austrian Officer in the Army of the Ban of Croatia.* Third Edition. Shoberl. 1850.
4. *Sketches of the Hungarian Emigration into Turkey.* MS.

THE public in this country may be excused for not having very accurate notions of Hungarian affairs, political or otherwise. The means of information are scanty. It is only now, indeed, that the necessary documents are beginning to be produced. Among the most interesting are—the ‘Memoirs of General Klapka,’ Madame Pulszky’s ‘Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady,’ and the work entitled ‘The War in Hungary,’ written by Dr. Max Schlesinger, and translated, very ably, by Mr. J. E. Taylor. There has also been issued a trashy publication entitled ‘Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary,’ which we only notice because it appears to have come to a third edition. It professes to be the personal narrative of an Austrian officer in the army of the Ban of Croatia, but is evidently an impudent fabrication; and we are sorry to see that a clever translator like Mr. F. Shoberl has been imposed upon. The compiler is so little certain of his ground, that he is compelled to resort to the subterfuge of pre-

tending that 'the names of persons and places, owing to the letters being written in pencil, could not be deciphered with any certainty!' It is extremely rare to find him venturing even on a date, and then only when the information could be derived from divers sources, such as newspapers or official documents. Some of the scenes are cleverly invented, though too much in the Minerva Press style; but we trust that nobody has laid the smallest reliance on the opinions or facts given. The form adopted is the epistolary. One letter begins: 'I was at Agram, the capital of Croatia, for several weeks on military business,' and so on. Another ends: 'My name, it is to be hoped, will ere long appear in the list of the slain;' and we are then told that 'the author of these letters, a few days after the transmission of the last, was very dangerously wounded.' It is then deliberately insinuated that these *pencil-written* letters were forwarded one by one to the unknown correspondent. Now the next *letter* begins at page 138, and goes on with a continuous narrative (except when arbitrarily interrupted at p. 161 and p. 188) to the end (p. 210), when the writer is left in a nameless town, in such a condition as 'not to be able to take part in the war for some months,' and hoping that 'meanwhile it will have been brought to a successful termination.' The whole tone of the volume indicates that it was concocted with full knowledge of subsequent events, for the purpose of libelling the cause of the Magyars.

We gladly turn to the other works which stand at the head of this article, the reverse of the preceding one in every point of view; and, as first in the date of its publication we notice the 'Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady,' by the accomplished wife of Mr. Pulszky, late accredited Envoy of the Hungarian Government to England. This, we believe, was the first authentic account of the War of Independence published in this country, and it was welcomed with an interest naturally heightened by the circumstance that the authoress had resided in Hungary during the exciting events which she describes, and writes her own adventures and observation. In a literary point of view, these volumes are remarkable, especially from the pen of a foreigner, combining a vigour and refinement of style with great command of the English language. The work, moreover, has all the charm of an earnest simplicity, and originality of thought, combined with a perfect tone of conscientiousness. Madame Pulszky is naturally inspired with patriotic enthusiasm, but at the same time this does not render her unjust toward the enemies of her country; and her work is calculated not merely to yield a passing interest to the reader, with its heart-stirring narrative, but to answer a still nobler purpose, and serve the cause of truth. We cannot part company with this amiable authoress without expressing an

earnest hope that we may soon meet her again in the paths of literature, which her pen is so able to adorn. The valuable Introduction prefixed by Mr. Pulszky gives a sketch of the history of Hungary from the time of Arpad down to the outbreak of the last French revolution; and forms an appropriate, almost a necessary introduction to a work, the contents of which continually derive their elucidation from the history of past times.

The next work on this subject that appeared was General Klapka's, of which we have spoken at length in a former number;* we shall therefore pass on to the volumes of Dr. Max Schlesinger, which is the first connected narrative of the war. It professes to be little more than a compilation, or historical view, based on materials supplied by others; but it is at once a well-written and conscientious work. The author is an accomplished scholar, and has great liveliness and descriptive power, which are favourably exhibited in his sketches of the country, the various classes of its inhabitants, and their ways of life. What can be more graphic, for instance, than the picture he gives of the great Hungarian heath, and the different races of herdsmen who inhabit it—the Csikos, the Kanasz, and the Gulyas? Many of the scenes of the war have all the brilliancy of romance, but not from any effort of the author. The events in Hungary possessed in themselves a character wildly romantic, and it would be impossible to relate them in a befitting manner without adopting an almost epic style. Not the least interesting feature of the work is the sketches of those patriotic statesmen and heroes, who took a leading part in defence of the liberties of Hungary, in the cabinet and the field. We are tempted to extract the account given by Schlesinger of the events consequent on the fatal battle of Temesvar—the surrender of the Hungarian cause by Görgey at Vilagos.

* The immediate result of the loss of this battle was the relief of Temesvar. Haynau had the satisfaction of being the first, who in the evening of that same day (August 10th) entered the gates of the fortress at the head of some squadrons. The place was crowded with sick and wounded; its outward appearance, and that of its defenders, showed that both had reached the extreme point, when defence was no longer possible.

The morning sun of the 11th of August gilded the towers of two fortresses, distant only a few miles; it shone upon two scenes which wore a remarkable contrast. In Temesvar, the poor, half-starved Austrians crowded joyfully around their brethren and guests,—in Arad, the Hungarians stood gathered in mournful groups, their hearts heavy with despair and melancholy forebodings. On the one side columns of troops, their friends and allies, entered the relieved fortress, amidst joyous songs and warlike music; on the other, all who were able fled

* Vol. xxvii. p. 750.

out of the gloomy gates. In Temesvar, the Austrian Generals, elated with victory, embraced one another; in Arad, Kossuth and Görgey stood at a bow-window in a small chamber of the fortress—met once more after so long a separation—to part for ever.

‘What passed in those hours between them—their mutual reproaches and explanations—we know not; whether Görgey’s guilty conscience cowered before the glance of the Governor, we can only conjecture; this alone we know, that Görgey crossed the threshold of that apartment first in the open air, as Dictator—Kossuth following him, a hopeless exile.

‘Kossuth had all along governed in unison with the majority of the National Assembly; he resigned his power when they believed Görgey to be the only man capable of saving the country.* Kossuth turned his steps southwards, Görgey to the north. This was not the first time that the paths of these men led in opposite directions. The new Dictator on the evening of the 11th of August, after being defeated by the weaker corps of Schlik at New Arad, had marched his troops across the Maros back to Old Arad. From this place he announced to the Russian General his determination to surrender, together with the miserable conditions† he demanded, and the place where he proposed to carry the act into execution. On the 12th, he marched towards Szöllös, where Rüdiger arrived on the 13th, according to appointment. The act of laying down their arms by the Hungarians took place on the fields between Kiss-Jenö and Szöllös, and this act will be designated in history as the surrender of Vilagos.

‘At Arad, on the banks of the Maros, the plain undulates in little hills, which are planted with the finest vines of Hungary; these are the vineyards of Menes. The country here gradually loses its level character and vegetation, and forms the commencement or spurs of the Transylvanian range of the Carpathians. About eight miles north of Arad, this chain of hills is terminated by a conical mountain, which is visible to a great distance; upon its summit stands the old ruined castle of Vilagos, and at its foot lies the hamlet of the same name. In the latter stands a charming country-house, the property of the lord of the soil, Mr. Bohus. This is the house where the final terms of surrender were arranged. From this mansion a beautiful road leads through wood and valley to Szöllös and Jenö, along which Rüdiger and Görgey rode to view the mournful ceremony. On the 13th of August, the sun shone bright and hot; Görgey’s army stood in regimental array, 24,000 men strong, with 144 cannon. In the foremost ranks the infantry, in the rear the artillery, on either side the regiments of cavalry. A death-like stillness pervaded the army—their looks were bent upon the ground. The soil was sacred—it was the grave of their honour.

‘From time to time the report of a shot broke the stillness of the scene. Some hussar had fired the last charge of his carbine into the head of his faithful horse, determined that the brave animal at least should not survive the disgrace of its master and the fall of Hungary.

* On the morning of the 11th of August this opinion prevailed in the assembly of generals and representatives; Batthyányi, Duschek and Szemere refused to sign Kossuth’s act of abdication.

† Namely, that the Austrians should be entirely left out of the negotiations.

Others of his comrades had unstrapped their saddles in the forest, and laid them aside with csako and dolmany, as things which they could no longer call their own; they had then dashed off on their wild steeds over the plains, to resume their former course of life—the wild, free Csikos of the heath. The hussars too, in rank and file, took the saddles from their horses in silence, piled them in large heaps, together with their arms and standards, and stepped back to their horses. Here stood the Ferdinand regiment, with its brave colonel at its head, a picture of grief and despair; his sword was gone,—he had flung it with a curse at Görgey's feet, when the latter succeeded in carrying his proposals of surrender in the last council of war. Beside them stood the Hanover Hussars—Count Batthyanyi, their commanding officer, at their head,* on foot; with his own hand he had killed his charger, the finest in the whole army, that it might never bear a Cossack on its back. Further on, the Nicolaus and Alexander regiments—Görgey's guardian angels in the Carpathians, Hungary's avenging angels in the victories of April,—shadows of former greatness, remains of the old regiments, in which but a few still survived to serve as the framework of newly-organized battalions. Close at hand stood the Coburg and Würtemberg Imperial Hussars. The younger regiments of cavalry were distributed on the flanks: Lehel Hussars, which had not yet had an opportunity of emulating the older regiments—the Hunyady corps, which had already won the respect of the veteran troops.

The generals stood gathered in a group, or rode slowly up and down between the battalions. Földvary approached the ninth battalion with tears in his eyes; under his command, in conjunction with the third, it had been the first to storm the ramparts of Buda. The men loved him as a father, and had rescued him from many a danger; for Földvary, one of the bravest of the brave, was short-sighted, and frequently rode into the very midst of the enemy, whence he had again and again been extricated by his brave soldiers. At this moment, when they saw their former colonel coming up to bid them a last farewell, as if electrified with one thought, they formed themselves unbidden into a large square; the standard-bearer hands the flag to his neighbour, and thus it passes from one to another up to the colonel. Every man kisses it; then they lay it upon a pile of faggots in the midst of the square, and look on in silence whilst the flag burns to ashes.

Nagy Sandor—a Murat likewise in taste for costume—stands in conversation with Poltenberg, drest in his splendid uniform. The latter, undistinguished in outward appearance, with indolent features concealing a spirit of true bravery, had always followed Görgey with blind devotion. The tranquillity of his countenance contrasted strongly with the visible excitement of Nagy Sandor. Count Leiningen, Görgey's warmest friend, was pacing up and down near them; he was idolized by his comrades, but never made any pretensions to merit, content to assist in adding one stone to the temple of his friend's fame. Generals Lahner, Knezich, Kiss, Colonel Görgey, and others, were on horseback, conversing on indifferent subjects. Damianich, the colossus in stature and courage, had remained as commander in Arad.

The new dictator appeared in the simple dress which he was

* Now a private in the ranks.

accustomed to wear when on march. He endeavoured to put on a cheerful face; but his features were more solemn, dark, and iron-bound than usual. He rode up and down before the hussars, murmuring here and there a word of encouragement, and slowly inspected the Honved battalions, the scarred warriors of the former regiments—Schwarzenberg, Franz Karl, Prinz von Preussen, Don Miguel, Alexander, and Wasa. He then rode in front of the ranks, and declared himself ready to transfer the command to any one who believed himself capable of saving the army; this he was no longer able to do. A grey-headed hussar officer rode out of the ranks up to the staff, and declared that it was his and his comrades' determination to cut their way through the enemy. But Görgey warned him drily against any "insubordination, which must be put down by musket-balls;" and so saying he turned his back carelessly upon the officer.

'From four o'clock in the afternoon until late that evening continued the surrender of arms, the divisioning of the escorts, and departure of the troops. They were conducted to Sarkad, and from thence to Gyula, where they were transferred to the power of Austria.

'At ten o'clock the fields before Vilagos were deserted.'—Vol. ii. pp. 214—221.

We recommend those who would acquire, in the shortest possible space of time, a fair idea of the Hungarian revolution, to consult these two volumes, which, with the introduction by Mr. Pulszky, goes over the whole ground, from the insurrection of Vienna to the massacres of Haynau.

We have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with Hungary and its extraordinary inhabitants, as well as with the most intimate details of the last war; and we are convinced that a new mine has been opened for the poet, the lover of the picturesque, the student of character, and the romance writer. They are a strange people these Hungarians, whether you fall in with them wild and sturdy upon their vast steppes, or mingle with what is called society in the sister towns of Buda and Pesth. It must be acknowledged, despite our admiration for the character of the Magyar magnate—that they did not as a rule exhibit any very heroic qualities; whilst the gentlemen-peasantry, as the bulk of the population may be called, seemed ever ready to do deeds worthy to be sung in Iliads. The upper classes were more under the eye, and subject to the influence of the court of Vienna, which has always exhibited peculiar ingenuity in materializing its subjects, rendering them commonplace and vulgar, divesting them of all noble aspirations, and reducing them, as much as possible, to the level of unintellectual dandies.

Whoever has associated with young Hungarians must have witnessed the curious spectacle of high and generous natures struggling might and main with the stifling influence of a corrupt atmosphere. Generally speaking they were, before

1848, deplorably ignorant of what it is fitting for gentlemen to know; and although they have learned, or rather unlearned, much evil on the battle-field, they are now anything but polished and refined in manner or elevated in sentiment. One of their favourite amusements has always been the breeding of horses, in which they have sought to emulate us English; and when any of them travelled—a rare occurrence—it was rather to become acquainted with the mysteries of Newmarket than with the laws and manners of foreign nations. The better to effect their degradation, desperate attempts had been made to cast the Hungarian language into oblivion; and Austria had been so far successful in this, that when the insurrection broke out, the greater part of the officers could only address their soldiers and countrymen in a few broken ungrammatical sentences. There is no surer way to destroy a national character than to substitute a new and foreign language for the national idiom.

These facts will serve to explain, in a great measure, the uncertain conduct of the Hungarians at the outset of the struggle which has made them glorious. The chief part of their public men, however patriotic in feeling, seem too much imbued with Austrian ideas to adopt at once a decided course. It is perhaps useless to speculate now on what might have been the result had a more enlightened public opinion prevailed when the great opportunity of the Vienna revolution presented itself. Providence seems to have decreed that Hungary should learn, by sad experience, the evils of indecision. Not that all were undecided. It is evident to us that there was a small party from the very beginning which perfectly understood what was taking place and what was necessary to be done; but the mass of the people remained inert long after the decisive moment had passed away, and their natural leaders were still discussing the necessity of action when the action ought to have been completed. The whole details of the 'Umbrella Revolution' at Pesth, as it is called, given by M. Pulszky in his masterly Introduction, would show, that so far from being conscious of the epoch at which the world had arrived, the young Magyar revolutionists seemed to think themselves only called upon to perform a moderate imitation of the French three days of 1830. Kossuth, it is true, and the few choice spirits who walked with him, thought differently; but had they then publicly revealed their real sentiments, they would probably have been stoned by the very men who afterwards idolized them. They wisely reserved the full expansion of their minds to a better opportunity, knowing it to be better for a revolution to ripen of itself than be forced into premature maturity. Hope buoyed them up, and enabled them to regard the blunders committed without

too much bitterness. Others early despaired, and it was perhaps not so much from fear of Austria's power, as M. Pulszky seems to suppose, that the amiable Count Szecheny became deprived of his reason, as from doubt of his own countrymen's perseverance and consistency.

The Hungarian character has much of the mobility commonly attributed to the French. Profound depression alternates frequently with the more exalted enthusiasm. A true Magyar rises in the morning with the belief that he is the greatest man under the sun, and goes to bed convinced that he is the weakest of creatures. He is capable of acts of the most frantic gallantry, and at the same time liable to the most extraordinary panics. No soldiers charge with such impetuosity, or are so easily discouraged, unless they have been long subjected to discipline. There is more of fire than caution in the Hungarians, and it would be easier to find among them fifty Murats than one Fabius.

The character of Kossuth lies open in some degree to the same objections as that of his countrymen generally; and Dr. Schlesinger very properly blames him for having remained so long undecided with reference to the treatment of Arthur Görgey. Perhaps, however, it is easier to blame than to point out what course could have been pursued under the circumstances. That something might have been done which was not done seems evident. But would it have been possible to bring Görgey to a court-martial, or in any other way remove him from his dangerous pre-eminence? That is the question. M. Pulszky, in his able paper on 'The Life and Character of the Magyar General' (affixed to Schlesinger's work), does not venture to express what Kossuth ought to have done; but he succeeds in showing that Görgey acted as a traitor, and that his treachery was premeditated.

We do not intend giving any outline of the events of the Hungarian war; but as we have the materials at hand, we will present our readers with some account of the fortunes of the generals who escaped after the disgraceful affair of Vilagos, when Görgey, consummating a long-meditated act of villany, surrendered a splendid army to a not very superior force. Dr. Schlesinger, who has detected many proofs of the evil disposition of that brilliant general, observes: 'The story that Görgey, at his first interview with Dembinski after the battle of Kapolna, said to him, "General, were I Dembinski, I would order Görgey to be shot," appears to be a fiction.' A manuscript which we have in our hands gives the real version of the affair. 'Surely we knew,' it says, 'that before the battle of Kapolna, Görgey manœuvred purposely so as to arrive twelve hours too late with his brigade, out of mere jealousy; and that

the same thing happened again previous to the attack of Meze-trovich, when he retired on Tassafuret. On the latter occasion he said to me himself, "If I had been Dembinski, and Arthur Görgey had so treated me, I would, as generalissimo, have ordered Arthur Görgey to be shot!"

It is impossible to describe the effect which the news of the surrender of Vilagos produced on the scattered detachments of the Hungarian army. There was no fighting after that. Everything fell at once into confusion. Kossuth fled first to Orsowa, and then to Widdin; most of the divisions of the army surrendered either to the Russians or the Austrians; and those who did not follow the example dispersed in all speed, or began a dangerous and difficult march across the mountains. We shall accompany an artillery officer of our acquaintance to the bivouac of General Bem,* near the confines of Transylvania, merely premising that the manuscript has already given a most interesting account of all that took place subsequently to the battle of Temesvar, and that the writer, with his companion, were made prisoners by a party belonging to their own army.

'Our way lay along a path which a Kalauz (guide) pointed out. In about an hour we passed a post of Polish Hulans, and heard from time to time in the obscurity challenges in the Hungarian language, "Who goes there?" Bivouac fires were scattered at intervals beneath spreading trees, so as not to be observed at a distance. The trampling of patrols making their round occasionally filled the air. It was a picturesque scene to behold at that hour, when the grey light of dawn began to filter through the skies, though darkness still lingered upon the earth. Near our path we sometimes saw groups of soldiers pressing round a fire, their faces lighted up, and their costumes gilded by the flames. A light morning breeze fluttered across the country, rustling gently through the clumps of trees, and breathing balmily on our cheeks. A cursory glance over these fields would have suggested the idea that they were waking to the ordinary labours of agriculture; but these scattered, half-concealed fires, these groups of reclining men, with burnished arms, their horses grazing near at hand; those suppressed sounds of life behind every hedge, beneath every grove, in every field, soon revealed what kind of harvest was ready for the sickle there.

'The sound of cocks crowing announced, as morning broke cold and grey, the neighbourhood of a village. We soon entered, and found that though some movement had already commenced, the greater part of its denizens were still asleep. Lights, paling

* Dr. Sclesinger is mistaken in saying that this general broke his collar-bone at the battle of Temesvar. Such an accident would have disabled him for months, whereas he never for a day ceased his active life.

before the coming day, dimly illuminated the windows of the wooden houses; here and there a soldier came yawning forth, or leaned drowsily from a gallery. Straw and heaps of baggage and carts and horses filled the streets; a hum, that gradually increased in intensity, rose on all sides; the cocks crowed authoritatively as the cold glories of morning brightened in the sky.

‘We were still in charge of the hussars, who had arrested us by order of the little lieutenant. On the road, a soldier in a light summer dress had requested a lift in the cart as far as the village, and told us that it had been determined to emigrate into Turkey. This was the first hint we had received of such a plan, and observed to Sasz in German, “What does this fellow know about the matter?” “You are mistaken,” observed the man mildly, in the same language. “I know well what has been resolved; and you will find that my information is correct.”

‘We were stopped by a strange figure with a wild expression of countenance and a queer scattered beard, vast in bulk, and yet not imposing. To the question, “What news?” I did not answer, because I did not know who this person might be. On his repeating the same words, I replied, “Sir, it is absolutely necessary that I should speak at once to Field Marshal Lieutenant Bem; and I do not know you at all.” A squabble would most probably have resulted had not an officer thrown in the following information: “You are speaking to General Baron Stein.” I expressed my regret, told him what brought me, and he immediately requested us to follow him.

‘We entered a large court-yard, which at first seemed filled knee-deep nearly with straw, but an arm appearing here, a leg there, or a head or a shoulder, announced that we were in a novel kind of dormitory. It was with difficulty that we crossed at all; and we could not help occasionally treading upon one of the sleepers—a fact we were made acquainted with by an “ah! ah!” or an oath. General Stein led us to a place where an enormous nightcap showed above the straw. This was all that could be seen of the Field-Marshal, who slept as soundly at that anxious moment as he ever did in prison, in exile, or in the cradle. General Stein stirred him up, and he at once raised that extraordinary face of his and looked sharply at us.’

On the very same day, the small remnants of the Hungarian army began their journey across the Carpathian Mountains. They had a rough time of it for several days, but at length got into the plains of Wallachia, and marched in tolerable comfort to their temporary resting-place at Widdin. Here they met with a welcome which, if it were hospitable in its intentions, was uncouth enough in its forms. ‘Complaints, however,’ says

our manuscript, 'were not very frequent at first—it takes a long time to starve out Hungarian enthusiasm. I remember the first visit of Kossuth to the bivouac. It became known in the morning that he was coming, and great preparations were made for his reception. The emigrants drew themselves up in military order, and with instinctive delicacy endeavoured to efface, as well as possible, the traces of their miserable position, lest these being obtruded might seem silent reproaches to the great patriot. Still, it was impossible entirely to conceal the poverty in which most were plunged. Many were without shoes, all with soiled and ragged uniforms; most, pale and haggard, from sickness and bad nourishment. They made an effort, however, to appear gay and content, and with tolerable success, for the very sight of the late president of the Hungarian Republic, as he rode—his white plume fluttering in the breeze—towards the lines, seemed to warm their hearts and make the blood course quicker through their veins. As he approached, a murmur, a buzz, a cheer, a roar of voices greeted him, and the vast shout of "Eljen Kossuth" (long live Kossuth) must have been heard far away over the plains of Widdin, and awakened the echoes on the Wallachian shores of the Danube. It must have been a cheering sight both to him and to the indifferent spectator: *he* must have felt that his services were not without their reward—that the hearts of the people he had loved were not turned from him in misfortune; and the scene must have suggested the reflection to others, that it is not true that the people, the democracy, cry out only for bread. These men were hungry and ill-clothed, and enfeebled by disease—a sad looking rabble in the morning—but the presence of their tribune fell like a ray of gold upon their brows—converted them for an instant, once more, into the forlorn hope of liberty; and it was with almost feverish enthusiasm that again and again they took up the expiring cry, and thundered out "Eljen Kossuth! Eljen Kossuth!"

We could have wished for more ample information than the document before us gives of the negotiations which led to the apostasy of the principal Polish generals, as well as of some Hungarians. Probably the writer feels a little ashamed of the whole transaction. At any rate, he passes over the circumstance at full gallop. We glean, however, from this and other sources, that General Bem is now in the service of Turkey under the title of Murad Pasha, and that he has been employed, much against his will, in putting down the insurrection in Bosnia. When he became a renegade, it was in the expectation of an imminent war with Russia; and he sacrificed not much faith, it is true, but a good deal of dignity, in order to have an opportunity to strike a blow on a grand scale against the colossal

enemy of the liberties of Europe. General Bem has always been an adventurer. His triangular face is known in every odd corner of Europe—nowhere more so, perhaps, than in the debtors' prison at Clichy (Paris). Here he spent a good part of his time in studying a new art of memory, and in perfecting his theoretical knowledge of strategy. To his honour be it spoken, however, when he was released, and better times dawned upon him, he voluntarily began to despatch instalments of his debts to Paris, and that he has not forgotten his liabilities since he has become a pasha, almost a prince.

We are not quite certain that the author of the manuscript is correct in representing Kmetty as one of the renegades. General Stein, however, is now a pasha, residing in splendid ease at Aleppo, and devoting every moment he can spare from the table and the harem to the composition of a history of his life and experiences. We may expect, therefore, at some future day, to see announced by Colburn or Bentley—the *Memoirs of Ferhad Pasha*.

It is well known that Kossuth is now an exile in Syria. From what we hear he has nearly lost all hope of reappearing on the world's stage as a public man. He consoles himself by the reflection that during the whole of his brilliant career, he not only had the death of no innocent man upon his hands, but that he rather erred on the side of leniency and humanity than otherwise. Despite the attempts made to lower his character, and represent him as a mere demagogue, he will remain in history as one of the purest patriots produced by the European revolutions of 1848. The only ground of complaint at all tenable against him, is, that some of his commissioners in Transylvania acted with too great severity. For this he can scarcely be made personally responsible. The only wonder is, that in the midst of a war 'for altar and for hearth,' like that which took place in Hungary, the influence of the mild character of one man should have been so effectual in preventing any outburst of cruelty. It may be to be regretted that any death took place during the struggle elsewhere than on the battle-field; but really when the agents of Austria took the liberty of hunting ladies through forests with dogs, it is not surprising that when caught they should have been executed in a very summary way.

Much has been said of late of the cruelties practised by General Haynau after the last campaign. It is worth while, however, to point out that the first acts of that monster were in accordance with the last. 'Hardly,' says Dr. Schlesinger, 'had he received the command, hardly had he time to muster his forces, to reconnoitre the ground upon which he was to begin the war in earnest, hardly had he issued a single order of the

day, when already two sentences of death had received his signature; Baron Mednianski died on the gallows, and with him Gruber on the 5th of June at Pressburg. The former as commandant, and the latter as artilleryman, had taken an active part in the defence of Leopoldstadt. . . . Hardly had the pale look of horror disappeared from men's countenances, when the sentence of death was passed and executed (June 18th) on the priest Razga. . . . Ever since that time the hangman has had full employment wherever Haynau's courts-martial have been held.' The murders of Batthyany, Kiss, Damianich, and others, were perpetrated in accordance with a system introduced into the country by Marshal Haynau. No doubt the Austrian court recommended and exulted in these atrocities; but this is no reason why the general himself should be let off free. The bravo who is hired to assassinate is enveloped in the same odium as he who hires, and justly so. In all countries, indeed, the tools of princely vengeance have been even more hated than princes themselves; for mankind seem instinctively to have understood that the amount of evil inflicted upon them by tyrants will never be limited except by failure of willing instruments.

ART. II.—*Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. Recollections of his Life, Practice, and Opinions.* By George Jones, R.A. London: Edward Moxon. 1849. Post 8vo. Pp. 304.

THIS is a *very* 'slender record to exalted merit;' a book whose scope and mission it is hard to discover. The '*heart* of the mystery' is not to be got at; for there is none. Results there are; but infinitely few and small. Perhaps the most definite notion of the book is conveyed, when we say, it is the very antithesis of what a book or biography *should* be: a chaotic nothing, without system, sequence, or central idea. Or, it may pretty accurately be described as one vague blotch of ink, innocent of form or character, save that strongly defined one, of nonentity; with here and there the accidental occurrence of a fact, or partial glimpse of a reality; in despite, rather than in consequence of our biographer. Mr. Jones's attempts at art had led us to expect no incommensurable individuality in their author. But the fact exceeds our anticipations. One of the only things whereof we do here get a rumour, is this very slender

individuality ; something kin to those infinitesimally minute particles of dust which torment us on a windy day, obscuring vision, a thing *through* which we cannot see, yet amounting to naught visible itself. The infliction is tedious as dulness can make it ; exasperating, as summer flies. The unfortunate reviewer has in his progress all the sensations of intense drowsiness, without the relief of actual slumber. There is just nimbleness and buz enough going on to deny him this luxury. After all deductions, the pioneer has indubitable claim, we think, on the gratitude of his readers, for accomplishing the journey in their behalf. He is enabled both to give report of what little he has seen by the way ; and to warn others against a like rash enterprise.

One merit must not be withheld from the book—in such case, a rare and inestimable one. Speaking abstractedly, rather than relatively, it is short. One loosely-printed volume comprises the whole. And Mr. Jones seems to have been rather puzzled to find material for even that ; though after all, the tale is ‘left untold.’ Nothing would have been lost had it been further reduced, to half its present size.

The subject of the biography did not claim extended treatment. As referring to an artist of the second or third rank, interesting from extrinsic circumstances,—prosperity, fame, connexion with celebrated men,—as much as from intrinsic ; letters, anecdotes, and similar memoranda, would have made an attractive volume, or couple of volumes, of the ordinary market-stamp. Or failing such material, a brief recapitulation of his uneventful life, with an intelligible summary of his works, and of his character as artist, published at a cheap rate, would have formed an acceptable companion to Allan Cunningham’s *Lives*.

A successful sculptor or painter does not necessarily possess individuality calculated to make any great figure in a biography ; either in substance or in strong definement, in suggestiveness or fresh reality. An original, intense, and earnest mind like Constable’s secures this interest. The impetuous erring will of Haydon—unsuccessful as artist, yet an unmistakably powerful mind—would secure it. Such, again, will be supplied by the large mental grasp and self-relying strength of Turner, when recorded.

Chantrey had none of these things. But he was precisely one, of whom we should have predicted a memoir ; of that note and stamp to ensure it, in these days of general private desk delivery, and lock and seal breaking ; this age of biographic loquacity, when a Coleridge remains without a biography of any approximate mark, and the whole host of popular literateurs, second-rate artists, noisy politicians, sectarians, orators, impostors, and obscure persons, have instant and full honours in this kind.

Chantrey was just the man; neither great enough to defy scanning, nor too little to be seen. Yet far were we from foreseeing the *way* in which the debt to his reputation would be paid. He is not, however, the only celebrity who has fallen into the hands of literary incompetents. The miscellaneous quality of present biographical literature is even more noticeable than its quantity. The prevailing notion would seem that any one, however incapable of anything else, is qualified to draw up the *life* of his relative or friend.

Until another biographer rescue him, Chantrey must rank among a class more numerous aforetime than now; of whom too much, and *also* too little, have been said; Mr. Jones's achievement being quite beside the mark. He gives what we do not want, and withholds what we do. We have bald, disconnected statements of biographic facts, averaging one to every twenty pages or so,—a few picked out here and there, and given at random; and the deliberate elaboration of mediocre criticisms. No clear idea is given of anything, of the progress of the sculptor's art, or the dates of his more remarkable works; but a great deal of flourish and repetition about his tendency to the 'simple and the tender,' and 'the child, the mother, the mourner, and the afflicted.' While reading, it scarce appears as Chantrey *had* a life, or was an entity based upon realities and the firm earth at all. All *that* seems a vague sketch, a fanciful, portrait-painter-like background, to a stalking-horse for 'opinions.'

Now, this was the very worst plan mortal man could have hit on, for giving an idea of one like Chantrey; this careful collection,—with some eking out from the biographer's own store,—of the scattered life-long crumbs falling from the table of the portrait-sculptor. It was not *opinions*, whether his own, or any one's else, we wanted of Mr. Jones; but *facts*. Mr. Jones was not altogether the man to report the former; had they been of value. They might lose something by the way. The vehicle is much in these cases. Socrates demanded his Plato and Zenophon. It would not have done for Johnson to have gone *lower* than his Boswell. But the æsthetic views of a Chantrey we should have argued before hand, to be just the least significant portion of the whole man; a notion more than confirmed.

The subject is one of some interest; as connected with an error general among artists and the public. Because a man can execute an able discriminative portrait-bust, or paint an effective portrait on canvass, or even a tolerable, ineloquent sketch of some 'important subject,' or battle-piece, free enough from military errors to satisfy a soldier, it does not follow, his notions about the early Italian painters, or the Phidian sculptures, or art in the abstract, will be of general worth. Much more than

a competence to discuss technic merit goes to make up such qualification: knowledge, thought, ability for wide and central views. A man may carve the most perfect portraits, paint the most plausible sketches, all his life, without being a whit the nearer these things. As critics, in the extended sense, ordinary successful artists have generally little to offer; matter of fact in spirit, sticking to detail, restricted in their tastes and likings; by no means open to the highest inspirations of genius, genius departing from the beaten track, genius opposed to their own, of whatever kind. A good artist, however, when he can express himself articulately, almost necessarily can say some pertinent things on the practice of art. The niceties of artistic language, in composition, chiaroscuro, colour, a painter of feeling can alone discuss *con amore*, and to best effect; his speech flowing from real knowledge; just as an intelligent versifier will enter into the niceties of the poetic art in metre, music, diction, in a spirit foreign to the general reader. And those artist-critics like Haydon, who rise to real power, are characterised by the especial appositiveness and point,—joined often to false general views—of all they say pertaining to the language of their art, and of all grounded on observation and practical insight; rather than by wideness of range. This will apply to Professor Leslie himself; who, for the acumen and fresh significance of his criticisms, occupies at present, a place altogether his own; just as he is a painter and poet altogether by himself. The true artist's point of view is peculiarly interesting, as wholly distinct from that of the general thinker. Both are necessary to the adequate illustration of art.

A few grains of pertinent observation,—of the gold-dust of common sense, peep out occasionally in Chantrey's case. These and the more characteristic anecdotes are mostly supplied Mr. Jones by friends—Mr. Leslie and others. Such are the canons, 'that every good statue should produce a chiaroscuro, that would be perfect in painting, and the one art might be considered a good rule for the other in this;' that 'superfluous ornament is concealment of inability,' and in architecture, truly fine buildings, 'if divested of their ornaments, would still from their bare quantities produce a good effect;' that 'the difference between a good (portrait) artist and a bad, consists in this, a good artist retains his likeness while he softens the peculiarities, and a bad artist, secures his by exaggerating them.' In these, and a few like, we see the character of the man. They or rather a much larger proportion would have well assisted a real biography. But a completer wild goose chase than the running after Chantrey's opinions to make a volume, could scarce be. Their paucity was a characteristic of the man; a man averse to

all display, all set theories or fine sentiment. The few he did form, were decided, and quite such as to be expected of one taking much on trust, yet possessing shrewd common sense.

The meagre criticisms Mr. Jones rakes up from the tour of 1819,—most of the *facts* of the life given having been despatched in twenty-two pages—are inconclusive enough. After all written on works of art in Italy, sufficient, as Dickens well puts it, to bury the whole,—and in more senses than the literal, were they read,—our interest is not delirious when we are told in general terms, Chantrey admired this, and didn't admire that: that such and such a portico 'gave him entire satisfaction,' and 'the villas in the neighbourhood he thought elegant;' or that Michael Angelo's 'Prophets' excited his 'highest respect.' The fact is, Chantrey went to Italy on business, to secure a supply of good marble from Carrara, but, as any other businessman might, contrived to pick up a little pleasure; went on 'with a party' to Rome; made a note or two in his guide-book; and in after years could, like other travelled men, hold a part in conversation when turning on Italy. Scraps of such scanty leavings, vague remembrances of vaguer chit-chat, Mr. Jones serves up in his own forcible and eloquent way: the result, to the reader, is a feeling as he had eaten of chopped hay.

Chantrey's own few observations were on matters of detail. Mr. Jones atones for deficiencies by taking matters into his own hands, giving *his* opinions, under cloak of Chantrey. A suspicion here presents itself. Did our Keeper of the Academy get up the book to the express end of making a handle of his friend, and communicating to the world—an obtuse, inexorable world, that might not listen to him otherwise—his matured views of Michael Angelo and the Italian masters, and of that great institution to which he, Mr. Jones, has the honour to belong?

However this may be, Chantrey and Jones for many a weary page walk seemingly hand in hand; the two harmonized by notices now and then, that Chantrey's opinions on such and such a topic, series of sculptures, or paintings, 'were *nearly* as follows,' or that he '*concurred* in the following.' Then, a voice is raised to inform us, that this figure 'is too near,' that in a 'too perpendicular line,' this piece 'replete with good forms,' that 'worthy of the best times of art.' In these days of Ruskins and Lord Lindsays, it much profits us to be told such things about Ghiberti, Raphael, &c.; that some figures in the latter's 'frescos cartoons, are admirable,' some 'beautiful,' and to some 'objections may be made.'

Confused pragmatic speech in the biographer's own acknowledged person, directed against erring compatriots, is

interweaved, about the early Italians : wholly beside the mark ; comprising some truisms, some got up praise of the early masters, and marked by utter lack of responsive feeling, utter obtuseness to the real points at issue. Mr. Jones, like so many of his brethren, has not the remotest suspicion, the fault of the day rests, not in the objects of imitation, but in the fact of imitation itself. No ! he would have us adhere to copyism of the 'great masters' and the antique ; and be safe. Little wonder a school of younger men arises, to depart from such guidance. If these latter could but learn, their salvation lies in no modification of copyism, no change of masters, but in relinquishment of the slavery altogether ! This our domestic and landscape painters *have* instinctively found.

Of the philosophy of the history of art, our biographer, of course, shares with Chantrey and the rest, entire ignorance ; does not in the least understand, poor man ! *why* painting all at once declined after its culmination in Raphael : to his mind an inexplicable phenomenon, 'derogatory to the powerful intellect of man, and usual progression.' Why not further 'improvements?' He does not one moment dream, it was in the nature of things inevitable, this decay of mediæval art,—of architecture, sculpture, painting, ornamental design,—ensuing to its maturity ; the whole just as preordained, as the growth, maturity, decay of an oak ; the progress to the final step visible throughout the course of art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries ; the decay deepest within, when the surface fairest : hence, the apparently abrupt termination.

The remainder of the volume is occupied, over and above like adventitious matter, with fitful flights of biographic semi-consciousness, self-repetition, heterogeneous reminiscence of this and that actual or fancied characteristic of the sculptor ;—of his 'philosophic' mind, his 'learning ;' his sporting ; of such remarkable facts as that he admired Stothard and Flaxman ; his opinion of the Royal Academy, &c. An appendix follows, of letters, few, short and trifling, but characteristic, worth all the rest of the volume ; also, an account of Chantrey by Sir Henry Russell, of no very dissimilar quality to Mr. Jones's portion, nor betraying individuality of higher mark, but containing a greater relative amount of facts, and traits of the sculptor.

There is an amusing passage in this account, where Sir Henry innocently relates of Chantrey, on Sir Henry's father reciting, apropos of a head of Satan, the address from Milton, the artist said he had made him understand *one* line he never had before :

'Till pride—and worse !—ambition threw me down !'

‘Worse’—instead of being printed as an exclamation, ‘as it manifestly ought’—being usually made ‘a feeble adjective.’ Commentators of the right orthodox stamp, our friends would have formed, for ignorance of their poet and length of ear.

Chantrey’s notions of the Academy, which ‘from indifference,’ before his interests were identified with it, were rapidly matured into faith in its divine right, as unadulterated as Mr. Jones’s own, are referred to, some five or six several times, and made the peg whereon to hang two assuming, elaborate apologies for that institution. One contains a sort of *ex officio* statement of its constitution. They are as rampant displays of the spasmodic Toryism of a clique, Toryism grasping at whatever is, and is for the benefit of its own privileged class, however recent the corruption it hugs, as it has ever been our lot to witness. Of Chantrey we are told, he ‘thought *any* attempt to alter the constitution’ of the Academy ‘DISLOYAL!’ and that ‘no change could be made without being inconvenient or cumbrous to the institution!’ Happy institution! superior to the laws of nature! *born* perfect; free from conditions affecting the rest of creation, the necessities of adaptation to the fluctuating time. The whole said is a unique blossom of self-satisfied folly; an extreme sample of self-interested blindness; going as low as human nature *can* go in narrowness of view; an illustration, on a petty scale, of Carlyle’s ‘Flunkeyism grown truculent and transcendent.’ A like spirit is manifested in the anecdotes of royalty; of the affableness of the great and good George IV., of the sensibility of William IV.: told with the true gusto of flunkeyism;—organ of veneration evidently much excited in relator.

Similarly far-seeing are the Chantrey-Jones views of English failure in those ‘higher branches of art,’ whereof Mr. Jones believes himself a follower; and the ‘want of proper *encouragement*,’ the stale cry of the incapable and the blind. Does Mr. Jones think, as Prince Hoare the witless, once gravely proposed, that a ‘great national encouragement of its highest powers’ is as desirable for poetry as painting? To be consistent, he ought. Are *Paradise Losts*, *Macbeths*, *Ancient Mariners*, *Princesses*, to be got, by giving *commissions* for them? raising the funds? starting competitions? We advise the government to try. When our pretenders to what is falsely and foolishly called ‘high art,’—as if all true art were not high,—have *anything to say* in their line, then will they be patronized, not before. Historic painters—witness Etty’s great works,—when something more than pretenders *have* been. Nay, the make-believe has been, unhappily. Witness West, and his ‘Christ Healing the Sick;’ for which men, British noblemen and gentry, hereditary legislators and

others, once were found to give £3,000: now, not worth half-a-crown; worth, rather, much less, as a source of immeasurable harm, in confusing and misleading the notions of art of the people. The exception proves the rule. This, and cases similar, were the ripe result of the hot-bed of Dilettantism, and its attempts at the 'advancement of English art.' It is a sickly plant that needs so much rearing.

On the whole, the volume supplies the partial material for a future life of the sculptor; unavoidably bringing its instalment of light, however slender and dim. Incidental points of interest and value even Mr. Jones's efforts have been unavailing to dispart from the thread of his communications about the old masters and the Royal Academy. Such we can extract as the general purport of the confused, tautologous statements, about Chantrey personally. Such we find in an occasional anecdote: as that of Turner,—of whose greatness Mr. Jones has an inarticulate sense,—where represented as passing an obscuring water-colour-tint over a very noble picture, which somewhat cast in the shade one of Lawrence's near it, in the exhibition. An 'unparalleled self-sacrifice!' cries the wondering Mr. Jones. A very generous, though but temporary sacrifice, it was; that of the empty fame of a single season; no such great matter to a Turner, or any true man, though much to many a narrow mind, and mean envious soul. A generous act! worthy of Turner. We never knew the picture of Lawrence's worth *it*. This, and other anecdotes, which like those of Constable, had been current before, give us a glimpse of the greatest of landscape-painters, in a very interesting light.

In style—which is to an author's intellect what the pores of the skin are to the body, through which individuality, either in greatness or littleness, will ever ooze—our biographer's writing is very characteristic: careful, self-complacent, pragmatic; weak, and blunt to that degree, half a sentence from Ruskin injudiciously given in a note quite startles us; and the letters introduced have an effect of reality only less. In all detail of facts, it reminds us of a newspaper 'melancholy accident.' The account of Chantrey's death, especially, reads like a verbatim extract from the penny-a-line columns of the 'Times.' The writer's more level moods, with their dry official impersonality, their combination of indeterminateness and would-be precision, involuntarily suggest a report from 'your committee;' a suggestion strengthened by the reference throughout to the author, in the third person, as to some foreign agency. On one occasion, we are told of 'two pictures by Jones,' to hang which in the light recommended, Lord Egremont cut off the legs of three portraits fixed in the room-panel: on which remarkable proceeding, no

comment. On another, we hear of the 'judgment of Mr. Jones,' and Mr. Vernon's confidence in it, to that extent, he made him (Mr. Jones) buy pictures never seen by the former. Again, 'Mr. Jones, the keeper of the Royal Academy,' makes a call; 'Mr. Jones advised him to get into a cab,' and so on. A strange ubiquitous, unintelligible kind of person this Mr. Jones, whom we never see or confront, only hear of, vaguely, from afar; an humble emulator, in literature, of the acquaintance of his school-days, the imperturbable Julius Cæsar, in his Commentaries. Our modern commentator takes care to acquaint us he knows something of the classics, by quoting an occasional passage or so of Latin and even Greek.

Of Chantrey, the recorded life and character are eminently simple and compact. Easy of comprehension is the tenor of both. The one was marked by steady common-sense; the other by progressive success. Chantrey was born at Norton, in Derbyshire, in 1782. The son of one of the few remaining small proprietors cultivating their own land, he received a moderate education, and was apprenticed, at his own instance, to a working wood-carver. Every onward step was marked by native sagacity. His natural gifts led him to the more ambitious branches of art. He began with portrait-painting. But his craft of wood-carving, securing, as it did, a subsistence, he did not relinquish till his position as sculptor was assured: a wise plan, since for eight years he, according to his own account, scarce realized 5*l.* by modelling. He began with an imaginative effort or so, but soon found his legitimate field. With the 10,000*l.* brought him by his wife in 1811, he provided himself with house, studio, offices, marble, &c., like a prudent speculator. From the epoch of his bust of Horne Tooke,—an important patron to him, dates his success. This brought him into notice. Commissions thenceforward flowed in. The remainder of his life was a course of regular labour, relieved by constant hospitality and the periodic relaxation of country visits, and his favourite amusement, angling; interspersed with such occurrences as the visit to Italy; a few other continental trips; the erection, at a cost of 20,000*l.*, of a new house and offices, adapted to the growing largeness of his dealings; and his knighthood. With characteristic shrewdness, he early avoided committing himself to any political or party opinions. This, his prosperity, and his common-sense rendered him a great favourite with the English aristocracy. But too often, indeed, is the inane world of aristocratic Dilettantism felt hovering dimly near, as we read these pages. His large income and social disposition induced him to keep a hospitable house. And it was part of his tact to secure, without much reading, varied average knowledge, by frequent intercourse with men of science and

letters. During the last two years of his life, his health rapidly and wholly gave way : the ordinary fate of his class, the hard workers and social livers. He was in the maturity of middle age, on his sudden death in 1841.

This course is as much that of a man of business as of an artist. Yet Chantrey's was a truly estimable, though no exalted, or rare character. There was a native dignity, a reality, an English genuineness, about the man, legible in his whole life, and very engaging ; even amid the chaotic adumbrations of the present biography. He was a favourable sample of a class not uncommon among us, the prosperous men who have risen through their own efforts, and deservedly. Generous, frank, hearty, he was ; above all, eminently *direct* in his dealings and character. One of his distinguishing features as a man, and as one of the class just mentioned, was his honest pride in his origin, and progress in life. Without self-complacency, a manly consciousness of his true relations to the world pervaded him. The taint of flunkeyism in his position so facile to catch, touched him not. That respect for the intrinsic and essential, in character and position, his early circumstances naturally inspired, was never forsaken for worship of the privileged caste which favoured and surrounded him.

One of those receiving freely and spending freely, he showed his sense of the value of money by its liberal devotion to the enjoyment of himself and all around. Ever open to tales of distress, he was the frequent dupe of his kind impulses. To his brother artists, he was generous in more ways than that of hospitality. Few earning a large income have manifested a better title thereto, by their use of it. In a profession inevitably unequal in the attainment of the prizes of fortune, compensation for the direction of so large a share into one or two fashionable channels, is found in so genial a worldly head of it as Chantrey. His generosity bordered on lavishness ; yet even here, his prudence did not wholly forsake him. He left a large property ; bequeathed, after Lady Chantrey, to the Royal Academy in trust, for purposes of doubtful judiciousness, but unquestionable good intention ; in the way of fostering the ' higher branches of art.'

Rough and free in his manners, he was as full of *bon hommie* as good feeling. His letters are instinct with the heartiness and good fellowship of the man, and have a very agreeable freshness, and freedom from effort, if also, from any claims in the matter of thought. And our biographer manages in his semi-articulate way, to let us see how closely he attached those about him, by his cheerful openness and friendly heart.

In person, Chantrey did not belie his inner self. Mr. Jones, indeed, gives us to understand, in one place, he resembled Shakspeare ; in another, that it was Socrates he was like ; and

thereon, would have us accept a deeper similarity, of mind, to the Greek philosopher ! A notion nearer the mark, is graphically supplied by his friend Thomson, when he begins his letter with a red wafer stuck on the paper ; eyes, nose, mouth, &c., given in black. The symbol so pleased the sculptor, he adopted it himself as an occasional jocose signature.

Chantrey's intellect was a limited but emphatically capable, if not very elevated, one ; ready at command and certain. All he said or did was, as far as it went, to the purpose. Altogether practical was the whole man. The sagacity of a sublimated common sense, was his prevailing characteristic. His mind was a perceptive one, not thoughtful or intense ; making use of all that came in his way ; gleaning information ; receiving results, and applying them shrewdly. He attained proficiency in all he undertook, whether it were wood-carving, painting, portrait-busts, fishing, shooting. Without his range, were it but one step, he was helpless. But then, as a rule, he took care never to advance that step. And this was easy to him ; for he was averse to all beyond the literal, and the every-day. The singular, the eccentric, in thought, manner of art, way of wearing one's hair, or any other department, he detested. 'Let us stick to the broad, common high-way, and do our best there,' was the instinctive feeling of the man. He was haunted by no unattainable, ever-retreating, fair ideals. No dreaming aspirations, or indefinite yearnings, had part in his life. His somewhat extreme, and in Mr. Jones's hands quite over-done devotion, to '*simplicity*,' was very characteristic ; in unison with that really satisfactory in him, but pointing to his wants, his restrictedness of feeling and unimaginativeness.

The same practical tendency and restriction of effort to things within reach, the sagacious, unerringly successful application of himself to the certain and definite, characterise his art : in the artist, ever the blossom and result of the whole man. Emphatic fulfilment does his success afford of the celebrated apophthegm of Mulready ; 'know what you have to do, and do it.' He did not spend himself on false aims, nor once lose himself in a wrong track. Having early ascertained his true field, portraiture, he consistently adhered to it, notwithstanding all 'advice of friends ;' though far from lacking ambition, or high ideas of the so-called higher branches. In this, his history is especially instructive, worthy of heed. He was faithful to the light that was in him. And in better times of art he might have been a still better artist.

For his was not the light to live independently of surrounding conditions, but in accordance with them. He, like Mr. Jones, accepted this present state of art as the normal and legitimate ; taking all that is for gospel : the exaggerated importance of painting and sculpture ; their divorcement from art-universal ; the prevailing copyisms and anomalies. On a particular factor's

chimney in the disguise of an obelisk, executed from a design of his own—the literal copy of an Egyptian original, he especially valued himself. When he or Jones talks of ‘art,’ they, like many others, mean only sculpture or painting. When he carved a monumental work, he unhesitatingly adopted the customary æsthetically hideous and barbarous stone-mason’s ornaments and bounding lines of the tablet. He grafted his clever art, in the execution of the figures, on the base common-places, the undertaker’s morsels of Egyptian symbolism, in vogue; troubling his head about such matters no more than another man. A Gothic cathedral was to his mind, the pre-ordained receptacle for his and other modern sculptors’ work, the arena of good or bad lights for monumental tablets and colossal masses of statuary. One small chapel at Westminster is completely filled, that is to say extinguished, by his huge statue of Watt, so as to have called down the very just indignation of Mr. Pugin. We well can fancy how he would have ‘wondered and been silent,’ had one told him the pedestal he and his brethren unintelligently manufacture from generation to generation for their busts, is a disgrace to the art, and those practising it; in its unredeemed hideousness, its mechanical but costly multiplication, its utter defiance, forgetfulness, of art and its demands. His common-sense led him to object to Roman cuirasses and bare arms and legs. But the most he could offer in substitution was a mongrel compromise between antique forms and modern reality. This, indeed, was much, considering all things. Of the one great office of all art—the consecration of contemporary reality, the poetic representation of the actual, it was scarce to be expected he should be rightly conscious.

The poet Flaxman, bitten by mania, once made a deliberate proposal, which turns one’s very blood cold, in its puerile inartisticalness; a colossal statue of *Britannia* to be erected on *Greenwich-hill* between the two wings of the hospital. A favourite dream of Chantrey’s, fortunately unrealized also, was the perpetuation of his fame inseparable from his native soil itself, by a colossal statue to the Duke of Sutherland, carved on the perpendicular side of a Derbyshire rock; a thing frightful to think of: so monstrous a scar on great Nature’s face. This idea was a violation, but still a matter of fact one, of Chantrey’s usual common sense leanings. These are characteristically evidenced by his just contempt of allegories.

Such feeling as a gifted common-sense, the talented development of common-sense observation, could attain, *that* Chantrey manifested. His favourite position for a horse, standing on all four legs, because ‘you cannot give a durable effect to that in its nature transitory,’ is an instance of this real power of his. And the sentiment emulated ‘of a horse standing still in a field and

looking about him,' illustrates the kind and amount of imagination whereof he was capable; real as far as it went, but that, not far. In the celebrated Lichfield sleeping children, and remaining works of that small class, it was just this tangible sentiment and prosaic poetry that were achieved. Mr. Jones unconsciously explains the heart of the matter, when saying, with characteristic inspiration, they 'went to the heart of *every* mother and delighted *every* parent.' The reason of their popularity is here suggested. There was just sentiment enough to catch the eye; and not *too much*. Any other or higher imagination, he had not. The case our biographer endeavours to make out, of the imaginativeness of Chantrey's use of flowers, is simply absurd; in keeping with the rest of the criticisms, wherein it is gravely affirmed, he equalled in his monumental works, the antique, nay, surpassed the majority of classic remains. The telling 'the death of the *head of a family*' by a wreath of lilies, the principal one broken away, Mr. Jones would have us believe did 'as much as any poetic metaphor has ever done.' The 'fading form for the consumptive,' the 'drooping for the sorrowful,' &c., are all feats of imagination worthy of a Valentine, or the compiler of a 'Language of Flowers.'

Chantrey's monuments were deformed by the prevailing vice of modern sculpture; excessive and misdirected imitativeness. His cushions and mattresses, cost him and his workmen as much pains to elaborate, as the human faces themselves: the result meretricious, alien to true art, degrading to the taste of all whose admiration is caught by such tricks. When will modern sculptors learn the elementary fact, that *typicalness* in representation of all unessential parts, or all wherein imitative delusion is easy, is the very soul of their artistic language, as to such things?

In his monumental sculptures generally, apart from the class just noticed, Chantrey realized as high an excellence as the modern range of such things admits; the technic attainment far exceeding in importance the 'phonetic;' the æsthetic a very mixed, and, as a whole, unsatisfactory one. In his public equestrian monuments, we have real and refined art, and character, of a restricted kind; art only too good—in general, immeasurably, for the heroes celebrated. But in his portrait-busts, we have him on his own peculiar ground; where he put forth indubitable mastery, exceeded by no known works in that province, in rare instances equalled. For the earnestness, dignity, pre-eminence of character and of expression, truth of portraiture, and sober but certain and unerring art, of these productions he demands all honour. From his hands, the outward aspects of a large section of the distinguished and really

great of his time have received justice. Would that, devoted to the recording of such, a portrait sculptor and painter, similar, existed in every generation ! Around him flocked a more numerous crowd of the celebrated and important, than it perhaps ever fell to the lot of another artist to attract. Nor was this prosperity without cause. There was reality in the man, and in his art.

ART. III.—*Christ's Second Coming; will it be Pre-millennial?* By the Rev. David Brown, A.M. Second Edition. Carefully revised and corrected, with large additions. Edinburgh and London : Johnstone and Hunter. 1849.

THERE has long been a complaint that continental doctors of theology, students of physical science, and the masters of our popular literature, have become, if not absolute unbelievers, yet only half-believers, in Christianity ; tolerating, rather, its distinctive truths as matters of popular faith, than giving them a *bonâ fide* reception as the revealed mind of God. There is considerable cause for this lamentation. But the tendency has been too general to represent this scepticism as affecting the very vitals of Christianity, threatening to blot out from our convictions the *facts* on which the Christian system is built. Such apprehensions betray a lack of trust in the wisdom of Providence, which has ordained that truth is to be elicited, in its purest and most influential form, by the conflict between unbelief and faith ; just as the strength of individual character is but half known, till difficulty and opposition call it forth.

There is a species of infidelity to some extent prevalent amongst us, even more to be dreaded than a wholesale rejection of the Bible. We know not how to describe the common principle running through all the divisions of it better than by calling it—a *rooted distrust in Christianity as a means of renewing the world* ; a belief that its practical power has been exhausted, and that till some new revelation has been made, the world's salvation can never be accomplished. There are those who regard it as having been a grand inspiration, while it lasted—an overpowering influence, till it had spent itself : but that now we have subsided again into stagnation and hardness, and require new miracles, new facts, and new truths, to meet the unsatisfied cravings of the soul—as if the progress of humanity had outstripped the resources of Christianity.

One of the developments, and perhaps not the most harmless one, of this spirit has embodied itself in the system of modern Millenarianism. Taking the amount and quality of the proof relied on by the advocates of this system, it seems to us that unless there were a *predisposition towards it*—arising from a want of faith in Christianity—such confessedly slight evidence would never be sufficient to convince them of such extraordinary doctrines. They admit, indeed, the truth of the facts on which Christianity is founded; and hold, in common with the great body of believers, the doctrines usually deduced from them. But when we speak of the competency of the gospel to regenerate the world, and expatiate on the prospects of spiritual glory to be realized by its agency, we are accused of deluding ourselves and others with ‘rhetoric.’ According to them, the gospel has done nearly as much as it ever will do with its present powers: though there is a vast amount of merely nominal Christianity existing—though there are huge masses of idolaters peopling three-quarters of the globe—though the majority of the human race know nothing of a Redeemer—we are not to expect any great alteration till Christ shall come to set up in person a visible kingdom in the world; and even then, a great part of his enemies will yield only a feigned obedience. Such a doctrine is so directly opposed, and so immensely inferior, to that which is commonly held on the nature and prospects of the kingdom of Christ that unless it be sustained by strong scriptural assertions, so that in rejecting it we do violence to the text and spirit of the word of God, the holding of such a doctrine must spring, either from the conviction that Christianity in its present resources is unable, or ill-adapted, to do the great work of human redemption, or from a defective perception of those carnal elements belonging to the system which is brought into odious rivalry with it. If the former explanation be adopted, we may reply by appealing to the history of Christianity; or if our opponent have realized the power of the gospel in his own person, we may send him to his own experience—since what has subdued *one* heart, is able to subdue all hearts, and to captivate and sanctify all wills. If the ‘defective perception’ exist to which we have referred, it must originate in a sensuous, imaginative cast of mind, more awake to outward, material grandeur than to that spiritual and inward glory which constitutes the attraction of the gospel. We are unwilling to apply sweeping criticism to every holder of the sentiments in question, but there must be a tendency to this defect in the mental constitution of modern Pre-millenialists.

There are three ways of ascertaining the value of any theory professing to be derived from the Bible, each one of which, in

relation to the present question, is capable of ample illustration. First, it may be asked, by what principles of interpretation, reasonable or unreasonable, consistent or inconsistent—by what quality of criticism have these conclusions been evolved? or, secondly, the method of *reductio ad absurdum* may be tried upon the theory, by deducing those consequences from it which are inconsistent with the admitted principles of its advocates; or, thirdly, the system may be compared with the spirit and tendency of the gospel—with what is called the *genius* of Christianity. In our opinion, the application of any one of these tests to the Millennial theory will explode it, whether we compare it with the Bible, or with itself, or with the general principles of Christianity.

In arguing with a modern Millenarian, we are liable to constant perplexity from being at issue with him on the very first principles of interpretation, and on the *application* of his professed principles. To any one who does not come to the study of the Bible strongly predisposed towards a theory, it would appear a glaring absurdity to take what certainly *seems* the most highly figurative language as the literal expressions of the ultimate form and destiny of the kingdom of Christ; and to construct such a theory as that of the millennium from a single symbolical passage in the most symbolical book in the Bible. You feel this preliminary question forced upon you:—By what test can it be ascertained when the word of God speaks in poetry, and when in plain prose? When, and where, are you to say, this is a scenical representation of a spiritual truth, or the metaphorical expression of a spiritual fact; and this is an abstract statement, purely literal, to be received as an exact, unadorned account of Christian doctrine? Is it all literal? and if not, by what rule can you discriminate the literal from the figurative? Are there any rules? or is every individual at liberty to choose out of the visions, prophecies, and dramatic representations of Scripture, that portion which it may suit his system to render literally? A very old, and it would seem a trustworthy, answer to this question is, that we must not construct doctrine out of prophecy—*Theologia prophetica non est argumentativa*. The reason of such a rule is obvious. Prophecy, in order that it may not bring about its own fulfilment, that it may awaken only general expectations, and when fulfilled may become an evidence of its divine origin, whether general or particular, whether literal or figurative, must be on the whole an obscure, and but imperfect, description of what is predicted, till the fulfilment shall throw light upon its hitherto dim expressions. But this rule has been reversed by the disciples of the school we are opposing, who are all in common inspired by a

typophobia. The canon they have relied on most—one most necessary to them—is, that whatever interpretation of a prophecy is possible, is probable; a maxim by the help of which it would be easy to extract marvellous absurdities from the word of God.

It would certainly seem probable, that in giving a revelation of his will the Almighty would convey the most important parts of it in language that could be rightly interpreted by at least the greater part of those who read it; and with such *repetitions* as we find in the case of truths confessedly the most important. The doctrine of the atonement, for instance, is exhibited in the centre of a thousand lights, all converging towards it as into a focus; prophecy, literal and figurative; type, symbol, and parable; direct and simple statement, iterated and reiterated; and in the Epistles, the doctrine is reasoned out with much energy, both of ideas and of language. Now, it is not according to the analogy of inspiration that a dogma so important as the reign of Christ, with his risen saints, for a thousand years, should be abandoned to the support of a single passage, and that passage occurring in the midst of visions that at least *have the appearance* of being symbolical. Before we take such an account to be the literal winding up of the Christian dispensation, we must have the same truth glancing upon us from other pages and other books of the New Testament; we must have it in the preaching of the Apostles and in the Epistles. 'But here,' says an accredited author of the Millennial school, in the book of Revelation, 'is the seat of the doctrine.'

We have often tried, with the help of Millenarian writers, to form some intelligible and fixed conception of the manner in which the reign of the saints with Christ on earth *can* be a 'judgment' on their behalf, but without success. The ideas that arise on the attempt seem so incompatible. On the one hand, we have to think of a grand spiritual monarchy, at the head of which Christ himself sits as the supreme sovereign, arrayed in *spiritual* glory: his glorified saints, but principally the Jews (although the literal interpretation of the passage in the Apocalypse gives this glory to the martyrs only), are with him as co-assessors, holding a subordinate authority. So far we are presented with spiritual ideas only, of the same class as are awakened when we try to form a conception of heaven and its blessedness. But now the mind has to abandon this purely spiritual region, and try to connect with it, as part and parcel of the same, the idea of a material and local throne, and local seats of authority; a material temple for worship, with sacrifices as helps to the devotion of glorified creatures; a material city, which is to be adorned for the habitation of

spiritual natures by the presents and the glory of earthly kings ; that is to say, the senses are to be gratified, and the taste for outward pomp is to be pampered ; and yet this is part of the 'judgment' given to creatures who are supposed to have been purified from the last taint of flesh and sense, and to be ennobled with an incorruptible and immortal nature. We are obliged to give up this attempt to mingle carnal and spiritual, earthly and heavenly things, in despair.

Another part of the 'judgment' given to the glorified saints, and which presents equal difficulties, is the universal spread of the gospel during the millennial period. How is this diffusion to be accomplished ? By the instrumentality now employed being rendered more powerful and effectual ? By persuasion, by the activity and intercessions of the Church, by the ministry of the doctrine of the Cross ? No, not mainly ; but chiefly by the personal manifestation of Christ, by judgments on anti-christian nations, by the revival of miracles, by extraordinary effusions of the Spirit. The glorified saints are also to be employed on behalf of saints on earth, in the character of ministering angels. Let the reader try to work out these ideas, and he will complete a scheme as incompatible with Christianity and the Bible as any production of fiction can well be. The appearance of Christ in the clouds will be the means of converting those rebellious against all previous means. His appearance in spiritual glory to Saul may be urged as an argument in favour of this view, but the example really overthrows it. There were other and moral means used to effect the conversion of Saul. The sight of Christ produced blindness, terror, and stupefaction ; but the words of Christ, though few, were tender and subduing, and directed him to the further use of instruction at Damascus. But men could not be converted in this manner by the personal appearing of Christ. There are no saints in the flesh remaining, for they are all transformed ; none to whom the wonder-stricken Sauls could be sent for instruction and training ;—and how all their wonder and terror are to have a moral direction given to them ; how a new heart is to spring out of a terrible vision ; how faith can be invited into existence by what seems calculated to inspire only awe—all these difficulties are ignored and unsolved. Similar objections may be urged against judgments on anti-christian nations as agents for the conversion of the world. What influence have earthquakes, plagues, famines, and fires, in changing the currents of a man's affections ? In what manner do they overcome his cherished aversion to God, root out his enmity to the Cross, and implant aspirations after a sanctified and obedient nature ? And the revival of what miracles will be competent to bring the truth into effectual

contact with the heart? No miracle short of that which, abandoning the ordinary method of teaching, shall accomplish some wonderful psychological change in the nature of man. But would that be changing men into Christians? Millenarian writers must surely mean some miraculous agency of the Spirit of this kind when they speak of his extraordinary effusions in those times; for they refer but slightly to the usual instruments by which the Spirit now works, while they frequently refer to the supernatural and the miraculous as the instruments of conversion. After surveying all the extraordinary machinery for human conversion during the millennium, the question is forced upon one, Why should Heaven prepare such a battery to break down an opposition to the truth, which will be infinitely weaker than that now offered to its claims? Satan and his agencies will be bound during that time, and yet the renovation of human nature will stand more in need than ever of supernatural help!

But does not the whole of this part of the theory disclose the low views which these writers have been accustomed to take of the Christian system? We have been used to consider that the means ordained by the wisdom of God for the present conversion of man are admirably adapted to his nature. They are beautifully delicate as an appeal from infinite power to helpless creatures—in wide contrast with the rude compulsion implied in the extensive use of miracles and judgments. It is a condescension touching our deepest sensibilities when the Lawgiver tenderly reasons with the law-breaker, and accompanies his expostulations with a secret influence on the will, the conscience, and the reason, which, though not for one moment interfering with his freedom or with his spontaneous movement towards God, exercises, nevertheless, an influence, without which he would have remained as before, indifferent and hardened to all the words of Judge and Redeemer. If love and free obedience are to be drawn forth by the gospel, such means as these seem exquisitely adapted to their end. Notwithstanding verbal denials, the Millenarian repudiates the efficacy of these means. They are not material and palpable enough to win his confidence. They do not rudely compel obedience, but plead for it; and they plead for it with an authority so subdued and softened by love and mercy, as to seem tardy and circuitous in the route they take to reach the salvation of the species. A millennium of obedience can only be brought about, therefore, by the prodigies attending the advent, by some resistless influence of the Spirit, and by judgments upon the wicked. But truth, and love, and obedience are spiritual things, and can be established in the world only by spiritual means. The Mille-

narian spirit is arrogant, and impatient, and coarse—arrogant, in intruding on the functions of the Supreme, abolishing the spirit of Christianity, and substituting a refined Mohammedanism ; impatient, with the rate at which the Redeemer moves onward in the redemption of the world, and therefore would have him come and inaugurate his universal reign by terrible signs and wonders ; and coarse, in undervaluing the existing moral and spiritual means of bringing men into the obedience of the faith.

If there is one point on which the Millenarians are more unanimous than another, it is that the proper kingdom of Christ has never yet been established, and never will be till he shall come a second time to set it up on the earth. We know not a more revolting doctrine amongst all the deformed Christianity of that system. Not the least astonishing part of the matter is, that men educated in the Christian faith, and claiming to be enlightened by the Christian revelation, should be found in this age attempting to revive the very notion, the same in all essential respects, as that entertained by the Jews of old, and by the unbelieving Jews now, respecting the nature of the kingdom of Christ. ‘My kingdom is not of this world’—‘the kingdom of God is within you’—‘the kingdom of God cometh not with observation’—were the reiterated announcements of Christ as to the spiritual nature of his kingdom. But these were the statements that convinced the Jews that he was an impostor ; for him to declare that ‘his kingdom was not from hence,’ falsified, in their estimation, his claim to the Messiahship ; for they believed that *his* kingdom was temporal, and therefore they crucified *him* as a malefactor, determined to wait for a Messiah whose kingdom should be of this world. They fell into this grand mistake through an interpretation of the prophecies congenial to their carnal ambition. The same mistake has been committed by the writers of the school we are opposing, though the same temptations and excuses do not exist in their case, except that it is common to human nature in every stage of its development to prefer the sensible to the spiritual and invisible. Millenarianism, then, is a revival of Judaism—the principal difference being, that the creed of the latter is that Christ is yet to come, and to set up a visible authority by which he will more than recover the lost splendours of the crown of Israel ; while the creed of the former is, that Christ has come, but not to establish his proper kingdom—that he will come a second time to do that very thing which he repeatedly disavowed when he dwelt among us.

Besides the vicious treatment of the prophecies already referred to, an additional cause of this delusion is found in a

misconception of what constitutes the kingdom of Christ. Because the laws of Christ have not received universal obedience, nor his power subdued all his enemies, therefore, he is not yet a king—such is the reasoning of the Millenarians. But do we not often find that Christ is said to have done that *actually* which he has done only *virtually*, and, at present *partially*? Little or no account is taken of the time intervening between the accomplishment of those facts which contain the *germ* and the *guarantee* of the success of Christ's kingdom, and the remote and complete *results* of those facts. 'I saw Satan fall like lightning from heaven'—describes, in the past historical tense, an event which is to take place fully in the future. And the reason is obvious. The triumphs which the disciples accomplished through the power of Christ had really dealt a death-blow to the kingdom of Satan, and were prognostics and pledges of its ultimate and complete fall. The conflict between these great empires had commenced, and the first victory, though obtained in the person of Christ only, presented the miniature image of the final destruction of the rival kingdom. That must be but a dim insight into the facts of the Gospel history, which does not see that the title of Christ to be King was acquired when his earthly career had closed; for he who had redeemed men from the curse of the law by his sufferings had also the right to claim their obedience; and he who had broken the bonds of death, and obtained dominion over its territories, was surely able to assert his power against all the might of the devil. If, therefore, Christ has not seen fit yet to *exert* his power, we are not to deny that he has it; if he chooses that his authority shall prevail gradually, we in our impatience are not to conclude that his kingdom does not yet exist; if he has ordained that it shall silently grow, and not be established by a sudden and visible revolution, we are yet to honor him as a Prince, and to confide in the potency of those means which he has thought sufficient to effect an ultimate and universal conquest.

It may be taken as a sacred maxim, that any views of Scripture which tend to relax the energies and check the activity of the Church cannot be just. Any theory that casts contempt on all agencies for good, on all the glowing hopes of the Church, cannot have the authority of the Divine Spirit, in whatever plausibilities it may be dressed. Millenarians have awkwardly attempted to deny that their theory affords any discouragement to missionary effort. We will admit that personally they may be desirous to promote the salvation of man, and some of them may even be willing to penetrate the fastnesses of idolatry in order to proclaim the truth; just as many other men are blind to the

logical consequences of their systems, and are guided more by the impulses of the heart than the propositions of the brain. But there can be hardly more than one opinion as to the fact, that the legitimate consequence of Millenarian principles is to paralyze all strenuous efforts for the conversion of the world, and to reduce the Church to the attitude of mere passive, excited, expectation of the second advent. For if the promises relating to the universality of Christ's kingdom belong to a period after, and not before, his coming; if the Gospel in its present form has not sufficient power, is not furnished with the influences that can make the world tributary to its Lord; if we are not to expect any great enlargement of the Church till Christ shall come by miracles and judgments to overturn the kingdom of Satan—we may still preach the truth, because a command is on record binding us to the duty; but we shall preach it with blighted expectations; deprived of nearly every support that could make us labour with hope, faith, and love. If the great heart of the Church is to beat responsively to the calls of duty, she must feel that her's is a grand comprehensive mission, embracing for its object the recovery of the whole species to Christ; that she has no limits to the sphere of her conquests; that her present resources and agencies are all-sufficient; that the spiritual reign of Christ in the hearts of men is the highest form of the kingdom of God; and that no miracles and millenniums can ever match the power that is wielded by the preaching of the Cross.

The author of the work at the head of this article has written a valuable book against the Millenarian theory. We are not able to indicate its contents in detail, and content ourselves therefore with saying, that it is divided into three parts; the first treating of the second advent, the second of the millenium, and the third of objections. This second edition is a considerable enlargement and improvement of the first, embracing replies to various objections which have been advanced against the former. The author possesses an acute and logical mind, is skilled in dialectics, and evinces very respectable scholarship. We are not disposed to dwell on minor points, but speak of the book as a whole. In conclusion we heartily thank Mr. Brown for the good service he has rendered to this question, by so calm, interesting, and conclusive a treatment, of a somewhat uninviting subject.

ART. IV.—*The History of the Early Puritans, from the Reformation to the opening of the Civil War in 1642.* By J. B. Marsden, M.A., Vicar of Great Missenden. 8vo. Pp. 426. London: Hamilton & Co.

A HISTORY of the Puritans by a clergyman is a novelty. The announcement of such a work took us by surprise, and we opened its pages with no little curiosity. So far as our observation extends, clerical reading, on topics of this kind, embraces little more than the worst specimens of narrow-mindedness and bigotry which our language supplies; and we had not, therefore, much expectation of deriving either instruction or pleasure from Mr. Marsden's volume. In ignorance of his character and views, we identified him with a class of prejudiced, ill-informed, and intolerant men, and calculated on meeting in his book with a repetition of the slanders of Heylin, the exaggerated tales of Walker, and the ecclesiastical absurdities which from the time of Bancroft have distinguished the champions of High Church. Still, we were determined to read for ourselves. We were curious to know in what form exploded calumnies were to be revived, or how the modern advocate of Whitgift and Laud would attempt to reconcile the men of our day to the atrocities of those Primates. Living amongst a different class, we sought to supply our lack of information by listening—attentively at least—to the narrative and reasonings of the member of a different clique.

We have now done as we contemplated, and sit down to record, for the benefit of our readers, the conclusions at which we have arrived. We are glad to say that the task is far more pleasant than we anticipated. Cynical as our craft is regarded, and narrow-minded and prejudiced as Dissenters are deemed, we have no hesitation in saying, that the perusal of Mr. Marsden's 'History' has afforded us much pleasure, and that we shall be glad to find it has extensive circulation amongst our friends. It is far from being a party book. Neither Churchmen nor Dissenters will, in the mass, be pleased with it. The former will object to the censures passed on the ecclesiastical policy of Whitgift, Bancroft, and Laud, as well as the virtues conceded to the Puritans; while Dissenters will deem its judgment on their opponents too light, and the praise awarded to their fathers too measured and cold. We can readily imagine many clerical readers throwing down the volume in disgust, while we know some Dissenters who will dispute the charity and sound judgment it displays. This is to be expected; and we do not mention it

as matter of special reproach. The same thing is discernible in every department of human inquiry, and the evils springing from it are visible in literature and science, as well as in politics and religion. Still it is to be deplored, and our best efforts should be directed against it. The championship of a party is not necessarily that of truth, and indiscriminate praise or censure may well awaken distrust of the judgment or honesty of a writer.

It has been, therefore, with no ordinary gratification that we have read Mr. Marsden's 'History.' It is free, to a great extent, from this almost universal failing, and displays, what is rarely seen in clerical works on such topics, much catholicity of temper, with soundness of judgment and mental independence. There are still many points of difference between ourselves and the author. We deem some of his judgments hasty, and his sketches imperfect. There is too much in the one case to relieve the darkness of his picture, and in the other the shade has been deepened beyond what we deem the truth of the case. The Churchman is visible throughout, not for the most part in an unseemly and repulsive form, but occasionally warping the judgment of the historian, and checking somewhat the charity of the Christian. Mr. Marsden has, in our opinion—he will pardon the apparent assumption—much yet to learn. Free from the bitterness of his class, his views must be simplified and his range of observation become more extensive, before he can do full justice to the principles which lay at the basis of the actions he records. Those principles were yet undisclosed; at least they were known only to a few, and those for the most part unlearned and obscure. But they were present and in operation, concealed, it is true, from the eye of the many, yet not the less potent in the influence they exercised. These principles must be clearly and firmly apprehended before the narrative even of the early Puritans can be fairly told; and if so with them, we need scarcely say that the necessity exists in a yet higher degree in the case of their successors. Mr. Marsden's own volume supplies evidence of this in the terms applied to those by whom the ecclesiastical controversy was carried on. But notwithstanding all this, we receive his labours with respect, and proceed to acquaint our readers with them. There is so much in which we are agreed, that we have no disposition to dwell on the points of difference, more especially as those points are advanced without bitterness or assumption. Next to an intelligent and hearty approval of our views, we admire a masculine and candid opposition,—a free utterance of the objections held by honorable and inquiring men.

In estimating the character of a work, it is of importance to note the object of the writer and the temper in which he pro-

poses to seek it. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that we found our author early stating that his aim was 'to write a faithful record of the virtues of the Puritans and of their faults; to show how much we owe to the one, and how much we suffer from the other; to describe their wrongs with respect and sympathy, and yet to display in its turn their own intolerance.' While such is the temper in which the work has been executed, the following passage will show that Mr. Marsden's estimate of the Puritans is vastly different from that which generally prevails amongst the clergy. We commend it to the consideration of his brethren as evincing the gross folly of the sneers with which they are accustomed to refer to the class in question.

'Wherever the religion, the language, or the free spirit of our country has forced its way, the Puritans of old have some memorial. They have moulded the character and shaped the laws of other lands, and tinged with their devouter shades unnumbered congregations of Christian worshippers, even where no allegiance is professed or willing homage done to their peculiarities. It is a party that has numbered in its ranks many of the best, and not a few of the greatest, men that England has enrolled upon her history. Amongst the Puritans were found, together with a crowd of our greatest divines and a multitude of learned men, many of our most profound lawyers, some of our most able statesmen, of our most renowned soldiers, and (strangely out of place as they may seem) not a few of our greatest orators and poets. Smith and Owen, Baxter and Howe, were their ministers, and preached amongst them. Cecil revered and defended them while he lived; so did the illustrious Bacon; and the unfortunate Essex sought his consolations from them when he came to die. They were the men whom Cromwell dreaded and deceived, and amongst whom Hampden fought and perished. Milton owed allegiance to their principles, and lent them a pen still immortal though steeped in gall. Of wealth, and wit, and patriotism, they had at least their fair proportion. They boasted, not without reason, that the first college, in either university, founded by a Protestant, was the magnificent donation of their own Sir Walter Mildmay at Cambridge; dedicated, not to legendary saints or superstitious fears, but to the Divine IMMANUEL; and built, not for the promotion of a stupid superstition, but in the pious hope that the Gospel of the Son of God might never want an advocate while its foundation should endure.'—Pp. 4, 5.

Our author's review of the early controversy respecting the vestments of the clergy is written with temper and judgment, and presents a fair summary of the case. Both parties were equally wedded to an ecclesiastical establishment. Hooper, who refused to wear the clerical attire, had no more thought of impugning its authority than Ridley who enforced it. It was on other grounds than those of the modern Dissenter that the former demurred. The vestments were regarded as Popish relics; 'they

were supposed to represent principles of which, it was said, they formed an integral and inseparable part.' Hence the opposition they encountered, an opposition that was encouraged by the last words of Cranmer, Latimer, and Taylor, as much as by the hostility of Hooper. It is now fashionable, with certain parties, to refer sneeringly to the scruples of the early Puritans, as though they were mean and trifling, unworthy of grave attention from the statesmen of Edward and Elizabeth. It may suit a modern purpose so to represent them, but such was not the judgment of the most illustrious men of that day. The objections entertained, as they were urged with sincerity, so 'they were listened to with profound respect.' Around the fires of Smithfield, and in the strange lands whither they fled, the more earnest reformers denounced 'the Babylonish garments,' and pleaded—partially enlightened only as they were—for liberty of conscience in matters of indifference. Their hearers saw the force of their objections in the living scene before them, and were in consequence compelled to do justice to their sagacity, even where their prayer was refused. The iron will of Elizabeth, however, refused to yield what her pride and state policy alike sought to retain. Her inclinations were Popish, her position Protestant. She loved the show and splendour of the old hierarchy, and was confirmed in her preferences by the injudicious zeal of some of the malcontents. The bishops yielded to her pleasure, a part with great reluctance, and others apparently without much concern. Grindal and Horn, the bishops of London and Winchester, protested to their continental correspondents 'that it was not owing to them that vestments of this kind had not altogether been done away with;' while Jewel, writing to Peter Martyr, styles the garments 'relics of the Amorites,' and adds, 'I wish that some time or other they may be taken away, and extirpated even to the lowest roots; neither my voice nor my exertions shall be wanted to effect that object.' The sentiments thus expressed by Grindal, Horn, and Jewel, were shared by many of their brethren, so that even Parker is represented as having no overfondness for the cap and surplice, and wafer bread for the communion, and such like injunctions. 'It would have pleased him well enough,' says the too favourable Strype, 'if some toleration had been given in these matters.'* The bishops yielded in fact to the queen, who from the first was determined to retain as much of the exterior of Popery as consisted with the Protestantism of which she was the political head. They 'dealt with her,' Grindal tells us, 'to let the matter of the habits fall . . . but she continued still inflexible.'

* Life of Parker, vol. i. p. 452.

This fact must be borne in mind in justice to the prelates of Elizabeth. They submitted with reluctance to what they deemed the least of two evils, lest the queen should throw herself into the arms of the Catholics, or into those of the Lutherans which they dreaded scarcely less. Upon this ground, their policy has been vindicated by the calmest and most intelligent of their advocates. Mr. Marsden reduces the matter very much to this point, though he refrains from expressing a decided opinion. 'Calmly viewed,' he says, 'the whole question hinges upon this: when men cannot do what they would, shall they do what they can; or, rigidly adhering to an abstract notion of that which in itself is best, shall they abandon their posts, and risk the consequences? The fathers of the Church of England were at length unanimous "to do what they could;" they received the vestments themselves, and though with very different degrees of rigour, enforced them on their clergy.' If by these words he means to express an approval of the course adopted, we need scarcely say that we differ widely from him. The fears of the bishops were to a great extent visionary, while their obligation to uphold what they deemed most scriptural was direct and obvious. It was for them to maintain the right, come what would, and had they done so, firmly yet temperately, even the Tudor spirit of Elizabeth would, in the end, have yielded. But they were apprehensive of her power, and in their dread of relighting the fires of Smithfield, they made an unworthy and pernicious compromise. It is a strong presumption against their course, that the ceremonies to which they submitted with reluctance, have come to be regarded by their disciples as parts of a system too perfect to be improved, and too sacred to be touched without profanity. 'The rites,' says a modern historian of Nonconformity, 'which Grindal and his brethren admitted as objectionable, on the ground of necessity simply, and with the hope of their speedy removal, have since been magnified as of apostolic origin, and of almost magic virtue. The sanction which they gave them by their practice has been remembered, while their protests have been forgotten or neglected. What the early reformers mourned over, their followers have gloried in. What the former esteemed the blemish of their Church, the latter have defended as its beauty.'* The conduct of the queen, as Mr. Marsden remarks, admits of less excuse than that of the bishops. 'It committed her to a course of policy which embarrassed her through life, led her into many acts of injustice, and not a few of cruelty, and continues to this day to be the greatest blot on her otherwise glorious reign. . . . Her

* Price's History of Nonconformity, vol. i. p. 149.

accession afforded an opportunity, such as rarely presents itself, for an oblivion of the past, and a firm union for the future. Unhappily the golden opportunity was lost. Scarcely an attempt was made to conciliate prejudice, or disarm suspicion.' But other topics crowd upon us, to some of which attention must be given.

The Act of Uniformity, passed in the first year of Elizabeth, was an open declaration of the policy of the Church; and its enactment may be regarded as the period when the Prelatic and Puritan parties took up their respective positions, and pledged themselves publicly to the struggle which, after many fluctuations, and mutual reverses, is bequeathed for settlement to our own day. Before the passing and enforcement of this act a few concessions would have satisfied, but the case rapidly became otherwise. Cartwright succeeded to Jewel and Foxe, and the question of vestments and genuflexions was merged in that of the constitutions of the Church. Persecuted from city to city, the Puritans at length turned to bay, and denounced, in words which men of strong nerve and desperate resolution alone could use, the dignities and wealth of the hierarchy that spurned them from its bosom. Every disposition was shown to enforce the Act of Uniformity. There was no relenting. The queen was rigorous from the first, and Parker and his brethren speedily became her active and willing tools. The Convocation of 1562 confirmed, by the smallest possible majority, the measures of the prelate. Of the clergy present forty-three voted in favor of relaxation and indulgence, and only thirty-five against them. But proxies were admitted, and these gave to Parker a miserable majority of one, on the strength of which he proceeded to enforce his intolerant measures. He knew that he was backed by the queen, and it little mattered to his narrow soul that Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter in Edward's reign, was in neglect and poverty, or that John Foxe, the martyrologist, had to complain in his old age of the want of clothes. They 'scrupled the habits,' and this was an offence which no virtues or past services could expiate. Parker was not 'indisposed to wield despotic power,' and abundant opportunities for doing so were now afforded him.

Notwithstanding his severities, and in some measure as the consequence of them, Puritanism continued to increase. The surplice question was revived at Cambridge, while at Oxford, the students and fellows generally laid aside their hoods and surplices. Cecil, the Chancellor of Oxford, admonished them in no measured terms to resume the habits, to whom the university returned a letter of remonstrance. To those who are concerned to trace the history of men who acted a prominent part in the proceedings of their day, it will be interesting

to note that this reply was signed, amongst others, by John Whitgift, then Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, but afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and a bitter persecutor of those whose scruples he now defended. What may have been the secret history of his conversion we know not. But its circumstances are suspicious, and the subsequent consistency of which Mr. Marsden speaks, was nothing more than a continuance in the uncharitableness, wrath, and bitter persecution, to which he had pledged himself.

The name of Whitgift naturally recalls that of Cartwright, 'one of the few men,' as our author rightly says, 'whose life and personal character still interest posterity after a lapse of nearly three hundred years.' His position in Puritan history is both prominent and influential. He led on the most advanced section of Church reformers, and awakened the fears as well as the animosity of opponents, by assailing the constitution and whole frame-work of the English hierarchy. His appearance betokens an important and most significant era in the ecclesiastical history of the country. It proclaimed the termination of the first epoch of Puritanism, and the commencement of another and vastly different one. The time for concession had now passed. The severities of Parker had driven the Puritans further from the pale of the Church, and had grafted on their objections to the clerical habits and to a few rites, a strong sense of injustice, and personal dislike of the men by whom it had been perpetrated. At the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth some minor alterations would have sufficed to calm, if not to satisfy, the inquiring mind. But it was different now. The outworks were disregarded, and a threatening assault was directed against the citadel itself. The episcopate was denounced as a despotism, forms of prayer were deemed a restraining of the Spirit, all pomp and outward show were reprobated as mere will-worship, and simplicity, verging on rudeness, was regarded as alone compatible with the spirituality of religion. Cartwright was at the head of this movement, and his attainments, ability, and virtues, eminently fitted him for the post. From the time of his appearance as a controversialist, we may date the existence of a Presbyterian party in this country. John Cartwright was a diligent and successful scholar of St. John's, Cambridge, when the accession of Mary scattered that learned body. He retired into obscurity, and commenced the study of law. On the death of the queen he returned to St. John's, was speedily elected fellow, and subsequently removed to the magnificent foundation of Trinity College, where he was chosen senior fellow.

We are glad to find Mr. Marsden rejecting, with merited contempt, the solution of Cartwright's Puritanism early pro-

pounded by some of his adversaries. In 1564 Elizabeth visited the university, when, after the fashion of the times, she was entertained with scholastic exercises, and with comedies and plays. On this occasion, it was alleged, that Dr. Preston had been most distinguished by the royal approval, and the scruples of Cartwright were referred—in total ignorance of his character—to the envy and mortification supposed to be then induced. Such a calumny would be unworthy of notice, did it not show to what miserable lengths party spleen can go in impugning the motives of an opponent. ‘It would,’ says Mr. Marsden, ‘be an amusing, were it not a painful, instance of the asperity of Cartwright’s opponents, that to this trivial circumstance (and yet one so natural to a young and accomplished lady), they have ascribed, without pretending further evidence, his estrangement for the remainder of his life from the Church party. He became a Puritan to avenge himself on Dr. Preston!’ Five years afterwards Cartwright was chosen Lady Margaret’s Professor of Divinity, and his lectures were attended by vast crowds, and were listened to with deep attention.

‘The University of Cambridge,’ says our author, ‘must have been strangely unlike itself, if such a reputation could be made, much less sustained, by one who possessed none but superficial acquirements. The taste of the age was, it is true, theological. Divinity was a science in which all endeavoured to excel; among courtiers and gentlemen it was an accomplishment; with divines a profession; at the bar a collateral branch of law. This may explain the extent and enthusiasm of Cartwright’s triumph; but it suggests too the difficulty of achieving it.

‘His sentiments as a Puritan were not concealed in his divinity lectures and sermons. The opposition which he must have foreseen, even if he did not court it, soon arose; and Whitgift was his earliest antagonist. What Cartwright preached before the university on one Sunday, Whitgift from the same pulpit refuted on the next. Each of them is said to have been listened to with vast applause; if so, we can easily infer the tumult and insubordination which prevailed at Cambridge; and the uneasiness of those in power.’—P. 72.

The natural consequence soon followed. Cartwright was deprived of his professorship, and forbidden to preach in the university; nor do we see that any valid objection can be urged against such a proceeding. Whitgift was at the time Vice-chancellor, and whatever may be alleged respecting his ‘unseemly haste and superfluous bitterness,’ he was free, in our judgment, from blameworthiness, in silencing a man who availed himself of his position in the university, to damage the system of which that establishment formed part. Mr. Marsden’s remarks on this point have our entire concurrence, though he does not

make sufficient allowance for the fact, that the existing system was of very recent growth, and was in obvious and well-known hostility to the views of many of its most devout members.

‘Had the university,’ he says, ‘been nothing more than an open arena of political and theological controversialists, where all comers were at equal liberty to maintain their sentiments, their conduct would indeed have been unjust. But this was not the case. And in what country could such a community exist with safety; or what could such a university become even in quiet times, except a school of uproar and sedition? The nation had determined upon a certain ecclesiastical constitution, with respect to which the duties of the universities, and more especially those of their theological professors, were perfectly well defined. They were to educate the youth of England in accordance with its laws,—its fundamental constitution,—both in Church and State. However imperfect the Church established by law might be, and however wise and perfect Cartwright’s project of reformation, it was still impossible that any corporate society which was not already quivering on the verge of revolution, or profoundly wanting in self-respect, could tolerate a professor who lectured upon the duty of overthrowing the Church whose sons and members he had undertaken to instruct. What church, what party, not utterly indifferent to all truth and all fixed opinions, has ever tolerated such a proceeding? Cartwright, if dissatisfied, should have at once retired, and challenged other hearers than his pupils, and upon some other tilting ground than the fenced enclosures of a university. If there was a want of forbearance in his opponents, we must admit in this instance the want of high integrity in Cartwright.’—Pp. 75, 76.

It is not our object to write the biography of Cartwright, and we therefore pass over the incidents of his persecution. Whitgift had power, and he used it unscrupulously against his opponent. The bitterness of the polemic was added to the intolerance of the priest, and Cartwright became the acknowledged leader of a large and desperate party. Of the controversy that ensued, when Whitgift, ‘on the summons of authority, replied to the celebrated *Admonition*,’ and Cartwright, ‘braving the certain penalty’ that would follow, answered in ‘*A Second Admonition to the Parliament*,’ we shall not speak. Mr. Marsden’s sketch of the style of the two controversialists, and of the state of the discussion, is marked by sound sense and good feeling, and will be read with interest. Speaking of the Presbyterian views of Cartwright, he says:—

‘The theory is plausible: its evident simplicity, and the reverence which it seems to pay to the word of God, will always commend it to many admirers. It has never ceased to be urged, from time to time, upon the attention of the Christian Church; though it has seldom found in after years an advocate to be compared with Cartwright;

whose mingled wit and wisdom, whose vehement declamation and logical precision, and whose nervous style and manly courage, the expression of a profound sincerity, will ever give his writings, apart from all other considerations, a distinguished place in the literature of his country. Cartwright was the Hooker of nonconformity: his equal in acuteness, though not in penetration; in eloquence, though not in learning his superior: his inferior perhaps only in that profound dexterity and skill in argument which, mingled with an awful reverence for truth, scorns or dreads to take advantage of an adversary's weakness. For, in these high polemic virtues, Hooker is without an equal.

'Whitgift replied in a tone equally disdainful (for the meekness of Christian polemics was sorely wronged on both sides), but with a depth of learning and of patient thought which was a greater tribute to Cartwright's prowess, than the loudest acclamations of his own party. It was evident that the Reformation was put upon its trial, and that its friends were conscious of the greatness of the crisis. All the warmth of enthusiasm, all the energy of hope or of despair, was on the side of the assailants. To retain an empire kindles less excitement than to storm a battery. The prelates, if courtiers and men of this world, could only wish for peace; if saints and men of apostolic holiness and zeal, they could still have no other ambition. They had accomplished a reformation the greatest, and, as the results have shown, the most abiding the Church has ever seen: if slothful, it was reasonable they should wish to enjoy its fruits; if zealous for God, to dispense its blessings. But it was difficult to revive in their favour the popular zeal. They had now to control, and not to stimulate, the ardour of the multitude: to repress the desire of change and inculcate submission. And this task, always difficult, is doubly so in the hands of those who have been once known as the leaders in a popular movement. They seem inconsistent as soon as they become practical. When they no longer innovate, they are charged with a desertion of their principles.'—Pp. 88—90.

The subsequent administration of Whitgift need not be described. It is well known, and few will now attempt its defence. As Lord Burghley once remarked to him, his proceeding was 'scant charitable.' 'If I had known his fault,' said his lordship, referring to Brown, 'I might be blamed for writing for him; but when by examination only, it is meant to sift him with twenty-four articles, I have cause to pity the poor man.' We cannot quit the narrative of Cartwright without quoting the brief, but generous, tribute which Mr. Marsden pays to his worth.

'He attached,' he says, 'too much importance to his peculiar opinions of church discipline, and those opinions we conceive were often wrong; and in the early years of his public life he was not free from the universal vices of his times—intemperance and personality in controversy. But as age mellowed and persecution broke down his

spirit, a noble love of truth, a generous and forgiving temper, a contempt of suffering, and a fervent piety to God, break out with increasing lustre; and while learning, eloquence, and high talents, associated with exalted religious principles, and these displayed with consistency through a long life of persecution, shall continue to be revered, the name of Cartwright will be uttered, by good men of every party, with profound respect.'—Pp. 177, 178.

The severities practised by the Church party during the latter half of the reign of Elizabeth have been carefully concealed. They were, however, terrible both in number and character, and must be known if we would rightly appreciate what followed. The two succeeding reigns cannot be understood without their being taken into account. The alienation of the public mind from the hierarchy, its mistrust of bishops, and determined hostility to spiritual domination, are unintelligible without assuming, what facts clearly prove, that it had been disgusted and horrified by the pride, cruelty, and intolerance it had witnessed. As the martyrdoms of Mary's reign sealed the fate of Popery, so the concealed, but far more numerous persecutions under her sister, prepared the nation, first to eject the Church from its confidence, and then to overthrow its very foundations. In the one case the martyrdom was paraded before the public eye as a means of intimidation—in the other it was withdrawn from notice, lest the improved sentiments of the age should be outraged. Smithfield was the scene of the one, and Newgate that of the other. In the former case the faggot, and in the latter penury, filth, and fever were the agencies employed. There was most honesty in Gardiner and Bonner, and most cunning in Parker and Whitgift. The one sought to terrify the nation; the other dreaded its humanity being outraged. It is humiliating to remark—such are the anomalies of party history—that the one sister has been for centuries termed 'bloody Queen Mary,' while the other is known as the 'good Queen Bess.' We do all justice to the *civil* administration of Elizabeth, but as an *ecclesiastical* ruler she is chargeable with a larger amount of suffering—was instrumental in the deaths of a far greater number of persons, than her sister. The truth is only just beginning to be told, and many are astonished at the narrative. 'These enormities,' says Mr. Marsden, 'have never been permitted to stand out in English history in all their dark and hideous deformity, and in consequence some lessons of high importance have been lost. Churchmen tread gently, as if they feared the ground would give way beneath them.'

The Court of High Commission takes date from 1583, when the Queen, at the urgent solicitation of Whitgift, named forty-

four commissioners, of whom twelve were bishops, with authority to inquire into all heretical opinions, and to exercise in various other ways an inquisitorial power over the faith and worship of the nation. The people literally groaned under the atrocities of this court, which rivalled the Inquisition in its suspicious vigilance and terrible misdeeds. It continued throughout the two succeeding reigns to spread terror amongst the godly, and would have accomplished the nefarious policy of its framers, had not the Long Parliament, amongst its many noble achievements, abolished it for ever. 'Under the grinding pressure of this frightful and ponderous machine, which was designed to crush the Puritans, all the liberties of England must have perished ere long had it not been swept away with indignation by a parliament of Charles the First.'

In the meantime the breach was widening. On the one hand, many Puritans were passing beyond the advanced position of Cartwright. Presbyterianism no longer satisfied their cravings. They desired further reform, and, though mingled with many errors, and as yet wanting in consistency, they began to propound the views and to talk the language of Independency. The Sectaries, as they were invidiously termed, denied the Church character of the hierarchy, and advocated the independence and completeness of each religious congregation. On the other hand, the theory of Episcopalians was greatly advanced by Bancroft, in his celebrated sermon at St. Paul's Cross in 1589. Bancroft was then chaplain to Whitgift, whom he succeeded in the primacy, and his views were too favorable to priestism not to be rapidly adopted by the rulers of the Church. He maintained that bishops were a distinct and superior order of the clergy, and that they governed *jure divino*, so that authority was inherent in their office, which could not be opposed without guilt. Such were his views of the episcopate that he fearlessly maintained no church could exist without it; no orders were valid which bishops had not conferred; and, of course, no obedience, no respect was due to those, however devout or however gifted, who exercised the functions of the Christian ministry, unless by their authority. We need scarcely say that these views were subversive of the very existence of all other than Episcopal Churches. 'The inference,' says Mr. Marsden, 'was contained within the premises, and the time came when it was avowed.' Such was the state of things at the close of the long reign of Elizabeth; and before passing to her successor, we commend to the best attention of our readers, the following admirable sketch of the condition of her Puritan subjects:—

'It was not till near the close of this century that the literature, the manners, and the habits of the Puritans first begin to appear singular,

and to wear a sectarian character. Hitherto their language and their literary compositions are untainted with affectation. They wrote and spoke like other men. With regard to purity of language and style, Cartwright and Travers are, at least, equal to Hooker, whose power lies rather in majesty of thought than in felicity of expression. In the pulpit Travers, preaching before the same audience, one of the most accomplished in England, carried away the palm of eloquence from his great opponent by the consent of all parties. Cartwright's eloquence had won the admiration of Cambridge. Henry Smith had preached at St. Clement Danes in rich redundant periods, remarkable alike for force and grace; the Chrysostom of the age; whom we are disposed to think no English preacher has since excelled in the proper attributes of pulpit eloquence. The age of pedantry had not yet commenced. The quaintness of the Puritans was not assumed, their sentences were not curiously involved, their wit was not elaborate, their sermons were not studiously minced up in tiny fragments, each numbered and duly parcelled beneath its proper head or subdivision, with a view not so much to elucidate the subject as to display the author's dexterity in his only science,—the scholastic logic. All this belonged to a later age.

The manners of the Puritans were distinguished by their gravity, and among the thoughtless and profane a grave demeanour has ever been a crime. The presence of virtue is always embarrassing to the wicked, and its indications they naturally dislike. No doubt the garb of sanctity is easily assumed. The weak and hypocritical—the one from nature the other from sheer villany—readily adopt it; and since keenness in discrimination and a charitable disposition in judging others, are unhappily but rare endowments, a sanctimonious hypocrite is in popular estimation the type and standard by which all seriousness is to be measured. We find accordingly that, as the national mind gradually became less devout in England, the gravity of the Puritans became the frequent subject of a jest. Towards the conclusion of her reign the example of the court of Elizabeth was decidedly irreligious, and the contagion spread rapidly among the common people. A preposterous extravagance in dress and equipage; a heathenish delight in jousts and tournaments, and public spectacles and plays; the prevalence of oaths (freely indulged in by the Queen herself); and to crown the whole, the studied desecration of the Sabbath, mark too plainly the hollowness of that religious profession which even men of fashion were still constrained to make. All men of real piety lamented the decay of vital godliness. Hooker, in his preface, deplores it as feelingly as Travers could have done. But the cry once raised, a grave exterior and a virtuous life were regarded as the sure signs of a Puritan, that is, of one disaffected to the State. Men who had never entered a conventicle, nor had one misgiving about the cross in baptism, were wickedly driven from the church they loved, by cold treatment or slanderous imputations; until, to be seen twice at church on Sunday, and to spend the rest of the day in reading the Scriptures, was enough to bring upon a whole family the disgrace of Puritanism.'—Pp. 237—240.

James hastened from Scotland to ascend the English throne;

and the two religious parties which divided the nation watched his movements with intense solicitude, to see which might hope for his favor. With characteristic insincerity he had paraded his attachment to the Church of John Knox, protesting it to be 'the purest in the world,' and affirming of the English Church that 'its service was but an evil said mass.' But times were now changed; James was on English ground, and his Presbyterian subjects were soon taught the hollowness of his professions. There is no personage in history whom we regard with more contempt than James. An unnatural son, devoid of truth, vast in pretensions, yet feeble of purpose; vain, irresolute, and weak; a pedant, a profane swearer, and a sot; he was just the sovereign to irritate his new subjects, and to accelerate the crisis that was impending. A man of less waywardness and vanity might have averted it by concession, and one of stronger intellect and more masculine texture might have crushed it by force; but James was at once passionate and feeble, extravagant in his claims, yet unstable and weak in his acts. His reign constituted just such an era as was needed, to train up the rising spirit of English liberty, to a hardness and endurance equal to the struggle which awaited it. On his way to London, he received from the Puritans the famous Millenary petition, which set forth, in respectful language, the views and wishes of a large portion of his subjects. Had he been the Solomon his flatterers pretended, he would gladly have availed himself of so favorable an opportunity to heal the divisions of the kingdom. He might have done this at little cost, and with infinite honor, but James was unequal to the occasion, as the Hampton-Court-Conference speedily showed. The king resolved to hold a conference, in which the chiefs of the two parties might discuss in his presence their points of difference. 'Nothing,' says our author, 'could exceed the wisdom of this project; nothing but the folly displayed in its management, and the insipidity of its whole conclusion.' The whole thing was, in fact, 'a mere pretence,' to cover over the foregone conclusion of the king and the bishops. Both had resolved on maintaining things as they were, but some colorable pretext was needed for refusing the petition of so large and virtuous a body of the clergy. James, however, did refuse with contumely and reproach; and Whitgift declared that he 'spake by the special assistance of God's Spirit;' and Bancroft, on his knees, protested 'that his heart melted within him with joy, and made haste to acknowledge to Almighty God his singular mercy in giving us such a king as, since Christ's time, the like he thought had not been seen.' So contemptibly abject was the spirit of the court clergy of that day. Nothing was too mean or servile by which they could

hope more closely to link the king to their purpose. Religion was a farce; honor was unknown; even decency was despised. They had but one object, and that was to crush the Puritans. Everything was sacrificed to this, to the obvious scandal of the Christian name. 'The bishops,' says a contemporaneous enemy of the Puritans, who was present at the Conference, 'seemed much pleased, and said his majesty spoke by the power of inspiration? I wist not what they mean, but the spirit was rather foul-mouthed.' When such scenes were enacted by the rulers of the Church, need we wonder that profanity and vice prevailed at Court? In spectacles like this we detect the cause which spread so foul a taint throughout the palace of James.

'The decay of piety,' says Mr. Marsden, 'towards the close of the reign of James I., that is, when his pernicious example and worthless character had wrought their full effect upon the nation, is an afflicting topic. The lewdness of his court was such, that those who drew the sword against his son, and brought him to the scaffold, do not hesitate to contrast the many virtues of King Charles, and the decorum of his courtiers, with the low and infamous debaucheries of the court of James. Under the name of Puritanism, zeal and earnestness in religion were everywhere treated with contempt. Pious churchmen, who had never concerned themselves with the surplice controversy, and were perfectly indifferent as to the cross in baptism and the ring in marriage, found themselves compelled, in self-defence, to associate with the only party by whom they were not insulted. Lucy, the wife of Colonel Hutchinson, and the eloquent historian of her husband's virtues, was then a child. She relates, with a becoming indignation, how fiercely the storm of insult and reproach fell upon her father's household, and upon others who, like him, were men of rank and loyalty, yet dared to be nobly singular, and to fear God. However loyal these men were, if they disputed such impositions as the "Book of Sports," they were held to be seditious, and soon found that they were marked out for evil. Did a country gentleman discountenance vice, he was a Puritan, however exactly he conformed. Did he show favour to men of piety, relieve their wants, or protect them against oppression, he was a Puritan. If, in the county in which he lived, he promoted public virtue or public interests, and discouraged popery, he was a Puritan. Above all, if he had some zeal for God's glory, and could endure a sermon, and permitted serious conversation at his table; neither swearing, nor scoffing, nor sabbath-breaking, nor indulging in ribald conversation, he was a Puritan; and if a Puritan, then an enemy to the king and to his government, seditious, factious, and, in short, a hypocrite. It was well if some neighbouring pulpit did not hold him up to popular scorn, or if, as he passed along the village, the drunkards did not make their songs at him. For every stage, every table, every puppet-play scoffed at the Puritans; and fiddlers and mimics learned to abuse them, "as finding it the most gainful way of fooling." '—
Pp. 337—339.

Our author exhibits, of course, the misdeeds of the 'pilgrim fathers.' We are far from blaming this; it was perfectly natural, and, indeed, incumbent on him, to do so. We find no fault on this account. Let intolerance and persecution, wherever, and by whomsoever exhibited, be held up to merited rebuke. Especially let this exposure be made, where force is employed by those, whose own experience has taught the unrighteousness and inutility of employing it in the propagation of religion. The sufferings of the Puritans in England, ought to have taught them forbearance and lenity in America. The complaints they had preferred against Parker and Whitgift, should have stayed their hand from employing the sword in the defence or advancement of their opinions. Unhappily, however, the case was otherwise, and Dissenters will do well to imitate the example of Mr. Marsden, in admitting, frankly and without extenuation, the tyrannous cruelty practised by their fathers. It is in vain to attempt a vindication. The very effort is pernicious, and the reasoning employed is as applicable in England as in Massachusetts. We are glad to find that Mr. Marsden does justice to the character of Roger Williams, who has been assailed from quarters whence commendation and honor only ought to have proceeded. The flippancy with which grave charges have been preferred against Williams is far from creditable to the parties concerned, and is obviously better suited to shield his persecutors from reproach, than to acquaint us with the genuine history of the man. There is more in the following than meets the eye. We are not concerned to clear the noble-minded sufferer from the charge advanced in the latter part of it. The 'plausible theory,' as our author somewhat derisively terms it, may possibly be reduced to practice earlier than he anticipates.

'The character of Williams has been handed down to us by Puritan writers loaded with reproach. He is described by Neal as a rigid Brownist, precise, uncharitable, of most turbulent and boisterous passions. But his writings refute the first charge, and his conduct, under circumstances likely to arouse the gentlest spirit, contradicts the second. His offence was this. He enunciated, and lived to carry out, the great principle of perfect toleration amongst contending parties, by whom it was equally abhorred. His name must be had in everlasting honour, as the first man in these later ages who taught that the civil magistrate may not coerce the conscience: that fines and stripes are not the proper means of restoring even the worst heretics to the communion of the Church, or of punishing their contumacy. As usual with those who announce some great truth, unknown or bitterly opposed, he was an enthusiast in defending his principles, and carried the application of them to an absurd and mischievous excess. He not only denied the right of the magistrate to punish, but he denied his

right to interfere. He maintained, that as to civil government, all religions were alike : that is, he denied the right of a body of Christian men to found a state upon Christian principles. Jews and Turks, infidels and heretics, were to possess equal rights ; or in other words, to exercise an equal share of judicial power and civic influence with their Christian brethren. Of course, under such conditions, an established religion was impossible. He trusted simply to the force of truth to vindicate her own pretensions.'—*Id.* pp. 307, 308.

It was to be expected from Mr. Marsden's ecclesiastical position that he would scarcely do the same justice to those whom he terms 'the democratic Puritans,' as he had honorably meted out to their predecessors. We have already alluded to this, but as his next volume will enter at large on their history, we shall defer our remarks till its appearance. The general complexion of his views may be gathered from his describing them as 'men of ungoverned passions ; intense fanaticism ; and in general, with a few exceptions, profoundly ignorant.' This is to daub and not to portray ; such terms furnish a caricature, not a likeness, and awaken our fears rather than hopes. Had Mr. Marsden executed the earlier portion of his work in the same spirit, it would be far from meriting the praise we have awarded it. But we will not anticipate evil. When the second volume is before us, we hope to find it distinguished by the same candor, intelligence, good faith, and catholicity, as are conspicuous throughout this. In the meantime, we commend the 'History of the Early Puritans,' to our readers, and shall be glad to find that it obtains extensive circulation amongst them. They may learn much from its perusal, and where they differ from the author, they will do well to imitate his generous forbearance and enlightened catholicity.

ART. V.—*Salvation. A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Crathie, Balmoral, before Her Majesty the Queen, Sunday, September 22, 1850. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., &c. Twelfth Thousand. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.*

To us who, in our capacity as editors and critics, have to look deeply into books and men, the natural history and public life of 'a popular preacher' have often presented a subject of painful interest. Without adverting, at present, to the perilous influence which a brilliant reputation may possibly exert on the moral and spiritual habitudes of the man, we may mention, that the mere position in which he is placed has always appeared to our minds a thing at which we could not look, even from a distance, without terror. He has to appear twice, at least, every seven days, before the same audience, and to address them on the same subject; and he is always expected to come forth with the same power, freshness, and novelty, and this, too, for year together. Among his audience are always many who have travelled with him the same road before, who are familiar with his modes of thought and expression, and who can recognise the recurrence of any favourite illustrations. What struck the mind when it was new, both to speaker and hearer, and stirred it to its profoundest depths, loses its magic when it is said again: 'The gold has become dim, the fine gold is changed'—changed into silver, perhaps lead; and the preacher *knows* this, and feels it, as well as others. In his audience, too, especially in such a place as London, there are always strangers who have been attracted by the preacher's reputation; who have come from curiosity, and with high and vague ideas of something wonderful; who thus make unconscious exorbitant demands on his talents, however common or ordinary the occasion. Everything is expected to be great—matter, manner, expression; the processes of argument, the flow of thought, the irradiations of genius; there must be evangelical truth in all its fulness, experience in all its depths, practice in all its perfection; discrimination of character, apt quotations, strength, beauty, power of appeal, all that has ever been heard of as displayed by the man on occasions that demanded unusual effort, or that was the result of some felicitous moment of inspiration! For a person to expect this, at any time he happens to drop into the church of a popular preacher, is for him to expect it every Sunday, or *twice* every Sunday, and that, too, from one who, during the week (*every* week), is called upon for the business of boards and

committees ; who has to attend public meetings, to give popular lectures, to visit the sick who may live miles apart, and to pay pleasant pastoral visits to the *whole* ; all the time reading up to the age, publishing occasional sermons himself, writing reviews, perhaps *books* ; getting through an extensive correspondence, receiving calls from town and country at all hours, doing the amiable in spite of sacrifices of time and temper, and being always open, primed and ready, to answer the solicitations of all societies !

How any man can live such a life is to us a perfect mystery ; how any can wish for it, an amazement and a marvel. The great efforts of barristers are occasional, and they have their long vacations : when they do great things, it is usually under such surrounding excitement that the audience is so in sympathy with the object they have in view, as to lose sight of their awkwardnesses and of *them*, and they are very seldom expected to *be* great. The popular preacher is *himself* constantly regarded as an object for study and attention, and he is always expected to rise to the level of his most distinguished or reputed achievements. On some Thursday, for instance, looked up to by a vast, and yet comparatively select, assembly, surrounded too by his brethren, and by numbers of clergymen of various denominations, he makes, perhaps, as he ought, an extraordinary effort for some great object, or on some exciting occasion ; the very next Sunday, when the barrister who had spoken wonderfully in the week would be in retirement and rest, or, what is far better, would be a quiet worshipper, and have his mind refreshed by *other* trains of thought and emotion than what are usual and professional—the popular preacher must appear before the public twice again, and again speak on the same subject ; faculty and feeling must again run in their accustomed ruts, and crowds will flock to his ordinary services, influenced by what they have just heard, and *expecting* to hear something exactly like it ! and they will go away wondering and angry because they do not ! Tutors and professors repeat their lessons to a new class, and have every summer months of silence ; the miserable man who has unfortunately acquired a popular reputation, has to go on year after year with the same audience, hemmed in, too, by custom, to a narrow range of topics, and is to be thankful if he gets in a twelvemonth four or five Sundays at the sea, many pious and excellent people ‘greatly wondering’ how he can reconcile it to his conscience to be silent for *one* !

It is very painful to have to think of the pulpit as attracting to itself feelings so little in accordance with its sacred character as those that frequently encompass the victim of popularity. Popular preaching is supposed by some to be the Protestant

'histrionic,' as, according to the Bishop of London, *acted worship* is that alike of Popery and Puseyism—the space and steps in front of the altar being the stage for both. We do not think the accusation against preaching just, although, if it were, we should certainly prefer the first to the latter 'exhibitions.' The *Protestant* 'histrionic' is better than the Popish—the Popular, than the Puseyite—as the eloquence of tragedy is more manly and more intellectual than the dumb show of the most splendid pantomime. The fact is, however, that the popular preacher of modern times is nothing to what he was in the ancient Church; nor the feelings of his audience, their mode of applause, their *kind* of admiration, or even their character, anything like what distinguished the crowds that used to press round the pulpit of the fourth century. *Then*, the admirer of the preacher at one hour, was often literally the admirer of the actor the next. The crowd would flow from the church to the race-course; and, while listening to the eloquence of the sacred orator, as he descanted on the themes and mysteries of the faith, it was in the habit of expressing its gratification and delight at any peculiarly 'golden' sentence or paragraph by stamping with the feet, by audible cheering, and the other signs of popular sympathy which at once rouse and regale the multitudinous echoes of Exeter Hall! We have nothing like this now; nothing that approaches it, except the coughing and breathing, and general expression of emancipation and relief which used to follow the termination of some of Chalmers's enchaining illustrations, and which may yet be witnessed, though in an inferior degree, under the 'golden' lecturer on Tuesday mornings, or the silver cadences of 'him of York.' It is very sad that preaching cannot always be like what it was at Pentecost; or what it was at Berea, Antioch, or Corinth, in the days of St. Paul. The truth is, that after the first conversion of a people—after the gospel has ceased to be *literally* 'tidings,'—and especially after things have got so settled that the population professes Christianity, and theoretically knows it, or knows something of it—when literature is coloured and toned by the faith—when learning supposes acquaintance with it, and custom prescribes attendance at church—and *before* the whole thing has sunk into a cold, decent, political, respectable sham, preaching necessarily becomes an art and a luxury. It is a thing for which some have to be set apart, for which they study and prepare, and which they have to exercise, again and again, on the same themes and for the same people. These people cease to be struck with the thing spoken; it is no longer the 'news' that it was to their fathers, or even to themselves;—subjects and topics constantly recurring lose their intrinsic power to interest;

the manner, therefore, of presenting familiar truth comes to be important, and the man that can impart to it force and freshness comes to be popular. The preacher has to learn *how* he can best secure attention; and the hearers discover, like those of Chrysostom, that the homily of the orator may be 'as good as a play!'

Very sad, we repeat, is it that things should be so. They will not be mended, however, by having a priest instead of a preacher, and a number of actors, dressed for the occasion, moving about, bowing and muttering like so many mimes. And it is a consolation to think that, bad as we are as to the state of feeling with which multitudes meet to listen to their favourites, we are nothing in comparison to the 'hearers' of other and (supposed) purer times. It is not to be doubted, that those who have attained *first class* popularity as preachers among us, have done so simply because *they could not help it*. They did not seek for or follow popularity—it found out and followed *them*. The men obeyed the impulses of their genius; they looked instinctively, in their own way, at the truth they had to illustrate; they embodied and put it forth, in beautiful framework or burning words, which in them were natural and spontaneous, coming to their aid without effort; and the result was, nature in the heart recognising and responding to nature from the tongue. Does anybody suppose that Dr. Chalmers set before himself popularity as a preacher, and then sat down to write for and achieve it? The idea is ridiculous—as insulting to his intellect as derogatory to his piety. He was natural, earnest, zealous; he looked at things through his own eyes, took hold of them with his own hand, hurled them forth in his own way; he never thought of the result, and could not have helped it if he had. His writing and preaching were a sort of temporary insanity (in the sense in which the inspiration of genius is that); it would not have been *natural* in him for them to have been otherwise, and it was perfectly so that he should be the most admired and popular preacher of his day. But even *he* had to pay for this a terrible price, and to suffer at times a severe penalty. What was easy at first from the activity and exuberance of his young imagination, was not easy when years had somewhat dulled and exhausted it; the very originality of his illustrations prevented their undetected repetition, for, once heard, though they might be forgotten, they could never be unrecognised if heard again. Yet was he obliged to repeat himself frequently, not only in different and distant parts, but in the place of his ordinary ministrations; till, at length, it was felt as a personal refuge and relief from oppressive engagements, as well as an opening for another form of usefulness, for the hebdomadal discourse to be abandoned for the sessional lectures of a college.

But we are pursuing a discussion we had no intention of introducing when we took up Dr. Cumming's 'Sermon' for the purpose of giving a brief account of it. What we have said, however, was very naturally suggested by the name of one who has long ranked with the popular preachers of the British metropolis; and the turn our remarks have taken will serve to show (what for ourselves it may be important to have remembered) that we are fully able to estimate the difficulties of public, popular men; to make allowance for inequalities and failures in their unenviable duties, and to denounce the exorbitancy of vulgar expectations—the ignorant and unreflecting, and often absolutely *cruel*, demands that are made on their everlastingly tasked ability. Dismissing then, and perhaps apologizing for, the foregoing remarks, with this explanatory parenthesis, we shall now proceed to our solicited and allotted labour, of deciding whether we are to rejoice in, to endorse, or to stand in doubt of, Dr. Cumming's 'Salvation'—the *sermon*, that is, so called.

In common with many others, we very sincerely rejoiced when we heard it said, or saw it stated in the papers, that 'the Rev. Dr. Cumming had been summoned to Balmoral, to preach before the Queen.' We thought it well that that part of the Scottish Church resident in England should be thus honoured in the person of one of the most distinguished of its clergy. We were pleased, too, that her Majesty, whose position debars her from all public meetings, and all extraordinary religious services, should use the power which her residence in Scotland gave her, to hear a remarkable public man; and we were glad that simple, evangelical truth, unallied with episcopal pomp, and unadulterated by Anglican influences, was, in the person of Dr. Cumming, to speak and to be heard. Nor was it unobserved by us, that as Dr. Cumming is, *in England*, a dissenter from the Established Church, all the separate, unepiscopal evangelical bodies, were at once recognised in him by her Majesty's command, and were represented by him in his services before her. This, while it showed the religious liberality of the royal mind, and evinced its freedom from the narrow prejudices of some bigoted priests, increased, at the same time, the responsibility of the preacher by devolving upon him such a representation of the thought, feeling, and general character of unestablished English evangelicism, as all interested in it might substantially approve, and which they might welcome and refer to with feelings of satisfaction. Dr. Cumming will probably say, that the thought of standing as the representative, thus generally, of English evangelicism, never entered his thoughts; that he did not even deem himself so much a Scotch minister *from England* as a minister of the Scottish National and Established Church;

and that, in fact, he rather smiles at the absurdity suggested, hardly concealing something like offence at what he would have deemed rather a degradation. Very well. Let it be so. The English public, however—the reading portion at least of all classes who incline to the episcopal communion, *knowing* the difference between those who belong to the Church and those who do not, but *not* knowing the differences between the latter among themselves—will be very apt to think of Dr. Cumming, and of Dr. Cumming's sermon, as representing the sort of people that preachers *out of the Church* are, and the sort of things that they believe and say. Now, as it happens, we are obliged to give utterance to the painful fact, that we are heartily glad that Dr. Cumming will consent to represent none but his own communion; and we will further add, that we—that is, the individual writer of this article—as an ex-member of that communion, are glad also on behalf of *it*, that the Doctor really represented nobody but himself.

The 'Sermon' purports to have been preached 'before her Majesty the Queen.' Was it preached by the Queen's command? Is it published with the Queen's permission? It is very well known, we believe, at least in our parts, that the first was not the case. We could give the circumstances through which, and the names of those by whom, it was brought about; and we might show that it is questionable whether a high-souled man would not have waited for something else. But we forbear all that. With respect to the second point, however, we really do doubt whether, whatever other people choose to do, Dr. Cumming himself ought to have appeared in any manner connected with the publication of the 'Sermon,' unless, in court language, its publication had been 'commanded.' That was not likely, since, strictly speaking, it was only 'constructively' preached before her Majesty; and, however it might have been stolen by short-hand writers, it would have been possible to have prevented the indecorum of their parading her Majesty's name for their own private ends. That the public might have been curious to know something of Dr. Cumming's sermon is likely and natural, but many sermons are preached before the Queen by Scotch and English clergymen that are not printed; and, unless the Queen herself should have consented to have had her name used in the title-page of the publication, we really think there was something of indelicacy in Dr. Cumming not only having anything to do with it, but in his not taking prompt and energetic measures that there might be no publication at all. We are not pretending to speak from any knowledge we have of etiquette, or from any familiarity with court forms, but simply from the suggestions of our own internal feelings and sentiments in relation to the 'proper' and becoming.

When we turn over the title-page and read the preface, the first sentence perfectly appals us ; while others that occur in its three or four short paragraphs, are sufficient to tempt to great but deserved severity of remark. We are told, 'The following sermon was taken down by a reporter, and is now printed as corrected by the preacher.'

That is to say, the first time that Dr. Cumming preached before the Queen, he preached without notes ; not only did he not *read* his sermon, but he did not deliver it *memoriter* ; for, it is printed, not from his MS., but as 'taken down' from his lips ; and it is corrected by him, but it is not said to be corrected by his copy. The *impression* the statement makes is obvious ; whether intended or not, we shall not surmise. The whole thing, as we have put it, and as it seems to us the sentence must be interpreted, is either true or it is not ; on either alternative, the cool, easy assurance of the man, and the tone in which the matter is told, strike us with inexpressible amazement.

If Dr. Cumming had done, what he certainly ought to have done, *written his sermon*, what need was there for a reporter ? Why, in Scotland, the land of Sabbath sacredness, and of Sabbath observance, should that day be desecrated and profaned by the toleration of a person pursuing his trade, and earning his money by a secular act, in the very house of prayer and at the time of worship ? The reporter does not seem to have been employed by any 'Pulpit' proprietor. We have often heard ministers complain of being exposed to this annoyance ; and we have known some, in spite of their intense repugnance to the system, both as an injustice to themselves and a violation of the sanctity of the day, reluctantly consent to correct the report of a sermon, which, whether they did so or not, *would* be published, partly that neither themselves nor the truth might be misrepresented, and partly to have a hold on those whom they thus obliged, and so to be able to forbid future or frequent peculations. If any man were so absurd as to take down a sermon, which everybody would think *was sure to have been written*, and to offer his notes for the correction of the preacher for *him* to publish it, the answer is obvious—'You have taken the trouble of a very unnecessary service, for the manuscript is already in long hand, and can become "copy" at any moment if I so choose.' We can understand a reporter *stealing* such a sermon, and hastening to send it forth on his own responsibility, and for his own profit ; but Dr. Cumming's sermon—this corrected report of it—is published by his own bookseller, appears to be his own property, and takes rank with all his regular and authorized works. Did *he*, then, employ the reporter ? Was it necessary for him to do so, in order that he might have a manuscript for the press ?

Are we to understand that the man's nerve was such, that in the prospect of an exciting and untried position, he ventured to trust to his extemporary powers, and that it became necessary, therefore, to hire a penman to ply his trade in a Scotch church on a Sabbath morning, and to make *such a person* and such an act, there and then, part of 'the magnificent scenery of Dee-side?'

This quotation will need to be explained. It is the next thing that we notice in the 'preface.' The preacher tells us, in a sort of *patronizing* tone towards her Majesty, that 'he cannot easily forget the impressive spectacle which he witnessed in the parish church of Crathie, when the greatest sovereign of the greatest nation upon earth, surrounded by the highest and the very humblest of her subjects, *joined together* in the worship of Him by whom kings reign and princes decree justice, and with whom there is no respect of persons. *Amid the magnificent scenery of Dee-side, not the least magnificent was that assembly of worshippers.*' As this sentence stands, it seems *grammatically* to mean—if it means anything—that the 'assembly of worshippers' was a part of the magnificent scenery of Dee-side, or rather a piece of magnificent 'scenery' in the midst of it. What it *intends* to say most likely is, that amid certain magnificent scenery, 'the assembly' was not the least magnificent *thing*, or *object*. Even thus expounded, the epithet, we think, is not appropriate, while, with what we have already discovered, the 'magnificence' is sadly defaced. To think that one of the figures in the picture—the picture of an 'assembly of *worshippers*'—was a man preparing his paper and pencils to take down an extemporaneous discourse!

Passing over some silliness about 'a joyous prophecy,' we come next to the following sentence:—'The forms of the English and Scottish Churches differ—their doctrines are the same. The greatest divines of each admit that they are sisters. *Their forms vary and change like the clouds in the sky; their doctrines remain like the stars, far above, fixed and shining for ever.*' Now, can anybody tell what that means? For the sake of a supposed prettiness of figure, we have a statement directly contrary to fact. The 'forms' of the two Churches *do not* 'change like the clouds.' They may be *capable* of being changed; they may *differ* from one another as the shape of two clouds may differ; but as to saying that they actually *do* 'vary and change like the clouds in the sky,' it is all nonsense. They do no such thing. The forms of both have been pretty well fixed for centuries—a tolerably long time for a cloud!

We have dwelt thus long on the preface to the sermon, partly because this is professedly *written* by Dr. Cumming—words put down by his own pen, and not taken from his lips by that of

another; and partly, we suspect, from an instinctive repugnance to approach a discourse of which, after having read it again and again, we are compelled to confess—and we do so with mingled grief, mortification, and surprise—that we have hardly a single good word that we can *conscientiously* say.

And we are very reluctant to say what we feel of an opposite sort. *We will not say it all.* Having written so much of a general character, we will omit the minute notice of the sermon which we sat down to write, and content ourselves with giving a few hints of the matters on which we intended to have touched. The text chosen is Isaiah xlv. 22. ‘*Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else.*’ The manner in which the preacher proposes to deal with his subject, is stated in the following extract:—

‘The direct and pointed appeal in this verse, thus suggests the possibility of men looking below Christ, or above Christ, or on either side of Christ, and so missing the salvation, the transmission of which is here plainly restricted to one channel, and declared to flow exclusively from one source. There may be many wrong ways—there is but one right. Yet all the wrong ways may be summed up in two. In a word, there are but three sorts of religion in the world. From the beginning until now all religions may be classified in one of three great categories or chapters. First—the religion of Man, whose language is, “Look to *me*, and be saved;” secondly, the religion of the Priest, whose language is, “Look to *me*, and be saved;” and there is, thirdly, the religion of God our Saviour, whose words are, “Look to *ME*, and be saved.” Let me show that in neither of the first two is there any possibility of life. Each is a candidate for your acceptance, but only in the last is everlasting peace.’—P. 7.

Now we do not know how certain expressions may affect others, nor will we pretend that our internal sense and perception of things are any *rule* for others, but it does so happen, that our taste is offended and hurt by the flippant, and somewhat vulgar familiarity, as it seems to us, of such a sentence as ‘the possibility of men looking *below* Christ, or *above* Christ, or on *either side* of Christ.’ We shrink from this language, as if we experienced the infliction of a wound. It lacerates our religious sensibility. It grates on the holy and the reverential within us, on all, in fact, with which we would desire to approach the statement of a divine truth, and the contemplation of a divine thing. *But the sermon is full of this.* We have never suffered so much—positively *suffered*—in reading any equal number of pages, from frequent and gross violations of taste. We have read the absurdities of ordinary men,—we have heard improprieties from others on ordinary occasions, but we could smile at such things, or pass them by; but in a book like this—a dis-

course delivered in such a presence—which will be read by thousands who never read sermons—and which will, *to them*, be the mirror in which they will see reflected the *mind* of professedly evangelical men, the number of passages which are ridiculous, or worse, has filled us with many painful emotions, previous respect and estimation of the author, and solicitude for the interests of truth, contending together, while he was continually calling forth, as we read on, shame, indignation, contempt, or grief.

The proposed divisions of his subject do not appear to us quite accurate. Instead of *three* sorts of religion, that of *man*, of the *priest*, and of *God*, it seems to us both more simple and more correct to say that there are two:—the true, revealed by God; the false, originating with humanity;—that of man and that of the priest being *varieties* of the latter. Indeed, we do not clearly perceive, after all Dr. Cumming's statements and illustrations, what the religion of man, as distinguished from that of priest, is, according to his conception of it, but that of the philosopher, or the moralist, which is just the variety we have specified. But the whole thing is trashy and superficial.

We cannot go on. We are engaged in a most repulsive and disagreeable work, which nothing but a sense of critical justice, and a feeling of loyalty to sacred literature and to evangelical truth, could render tolerable. It is irksome in the extreme. We hasten to justify our indignant condemnation of what, perhaps, is not worth the displeasure it has provoked, by a few specimens of its preposterous paragraphs. We turn over the leaves and take them at random. We have not made a single mark in the margin to aid the eye—it was not necessary; no page can present itself without something offensive being seen. The very first words contain what pierces to the quick.

“All have sinned,” is the verdict of God on mankind. To our original sinfulness we have added many actual transgressions. There is no exception. From the loftiest to the lowliest of men we are sinners—miserable sinners. The wasting and destroying curse which evermore follows sin, has entered the royal palace, and the noble hall, and the humblest cot. *It is felt in cabinet, in congress, in senate, in divan.*—P. 5.

DIVAN!

“Once he [man] was a glorious temple—inlaid with holiness—vocal with songs, and replete with happiness; but now all is changed—the altar fire is quenched; and in the place where the cherubim and the glory were, *there are reptiles and serpent passions holding their ceaseless carnival.*”—Pp. 7, 8.

‘Reptiles and serpent passions,’—an absurd mixture of the literal and the figurative. ‘Ceaseless carnival,’—stuff.

'If, then, the unfallen Adam could put forth no wings that could carry him to God's dwelling-place, and set him on a level with God,—surely the fallen Adam, with less strength, with less holiness, must try in vain to reach God's throne, or recover his lost place. It is to attempt to be himself a God,—to reach the throne he hopes to secure by his merits, and to retain the glory of the achievement, wholly and for ever to himself. This is futile. When man, by any combination of his muscles, can lift himself from the earth, or when he can walk upon the untrodden sea, or soar to distant stars, and bring home the secrets of heretofore unexplored worlds,—when man can raise himself from the dead, and from his own grave, by some inherent spring of life within him—then and only then will we listen to and weigh man's bidding; "Look unto me, and be saved, all the ends of the earth."'

'There is nothing in man, or by man, or belonging to man, or bearing the superscription and the image of man, *either in Paradise, or on Sinai, or on Olympus,—in the forum, in the academy, or the Stoa*—in the palace, the school, or the hut,—that has in it any redeeming power, any regenerating or life-giving energy whatever.'—Pp. 8, 9.

'SINAI and OLYMPUS'!—'*the forum, the academy, or the Stoa*'!! What could the simple parishioners of 'Crathie' make of all this? But it was preached 'before her Majesty,' and, of course, an educated court would understand it? They *would*—and *him* too.

But now for the climax:—

"It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps;" *à fortiori*, "It is not in man that walketh to save his soul."

'The true type of man's effort to save himself, it seems to me, is found in the remarkable biography of Paracelsus. It is stated of him, that he spent or wasted his life in efforts to discover the elixir of immortality, of which, it was supposed, if man were to partake he would live for ever. He made the discovery of alcohol; he thought that in it he had found the long-sought elixir. He resolved to put it to the test; he drank of it copiously, but, instead of living for ever, he perished of the poison he had drank *on his own floor*.'—P. 10.

So much for the religion of man. The religion of the priest is called, most offensively, we confess, to us, as a matter of taste, *Churchianity*. There are, no doubt, many truths uttered in relation to it, but the composition is still vicious—everything seems at once flippant, stilted, and strained. We take a few specimens:—

'The whole Bible tells us that a church without Christ is a body without a head; a robe, without the Divine wearer; the richly-chased cup, but without the wine.

'I cannot see that there is any more chance of being saved by a Church, than there is of being saved by a College, or *by a Royal Exchange*.'—P. 11.

'Man cannot save himself; *neither in cassock, nor in surplice, nor in ermine, nor in lawn, nor in royal robe*, can man save himself.'—P. 13.

The following passage is really very terrible. Its irreverent flippancy borders on the profane, while some of its epithets are ridiculous or absurd.

'If I cannot, my dear friends, have a God to take care of my soul, *I will risk the experiment of taking care of it myself*. It is too great to be committed to an angel: too precious to be trusted to a creature. Arm of flesh may fail, an angel may fall, either may forget or change; if, therefore, I cannot have God to take charge of my soul, no creature instead shall. Whoever, short of God, offers to take charge of it, to him I would say, *be he angel, or saint, or priest, or prelate, or pope*, as Abraham said to his servants of old, "Stand you at the bottom of the mount," while I go up alone *to its sunlit pinnacle*, and there speak face to face with my God, and hear from his own *grand* lips those glorious accents, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." I must hear the original, the echo will not do. I must drink from the fountain, *the canonized cup* is not sufficient.'—Pp. 15, 16.

It is only by very great violence that a 'cup' can be spoken of as 'canonized.' We much doubt, indeed, whether, supposing the expression 'canonized cup' to have escaped the lip in a hurried address, any speaker would suffer it to present itself in the reporter's notes without blotting it out—*except* Dr. Cumming.

But what are we to think of the following? Never was a great subject so degraded and disgraced by a low similitude:—

'If I desire to enjoy an oratorio *I must not only have a ticket, which is my title of admission*, but I must have a musical ear, which is my fitness for the enjoyment. It is so with respect to heaven. Accordingly, *I have in Christ's work the ticket or title*, and in the Spirit's work the new nature, which is my fitness.'—Pp. 20, 21.

We are thoroughly sick with just taking as they come, and picking up and putting together these offensive expressions; yet we cannot conclude without adding to these samples of bad taste, one or two specimens of what we suppose was meant for something very fine and eloquent. We will give them without remark:—

'Have you ever noticed that almost everything that man does is cumbrous; everything that God does is simple? Only recently has science in its greatest achievement made an approximation to something of the simplicity of God. The wire that connects two countries together, and enables London to converse with Paris, and Paris to reply to London, is simple, exquisitely simple. It is therefore grand. This is man's nearest and closest pursuit of the footsteps of his Maker,

in thus laying hold of the red lightnings, and making them to do his errands; it is the noblest feat that man has ever done; and yet it is not creation, but merely the combination of God's materials. Everything in God's world is simple; out of a little sap, or water, and a few combining elements of oxygen and carbon, he forms all fruit, and flower, and leaf, and blossom; by a single power called gravitation he binds worlds together, and makes each march in its orbit as if it were evermore listening and evermore responding to the bidding of the great Controller of all.'—Pp. 22, 23.

Passing by, on page 24, 'the sun, the moon, the stars, the beautiful flowers, the green earth, the panorama around the sanctuary, and the human countenance, *with all its chromatic phases*, aspects and transitions,' we come to the following, which we suppose is some recollection of an Exeter-hall speech, or which, at least, might do for that; but which, we presume to think, was not quite in its place in 'the Church of Crathie, Balmoral'—

'Whatever be the relative value of ecclesiastical differences, ours is not a gospel for the Churchman, or a gospel for the Dissenter, but it is for all that "look:" *whether they look through the oriel windows of a cathedral, or the humble casement of a chapel*, it is still "Look, and be ye saved." It is that blessed gospel that discloses to every one a *Cross without a screen; that gives a Bible without a clasp*; that offers salvation without price, and assigns the limits of the globe as the circumference of its free and its joyous action. That Saviour still speaks from the throne, and says: "Look unto me, all the ends of the earth—dwellers on the Missouri and the Mississippi, in the prairies and backwoods of America; upon the Andes and in the isles of the Pacific; from the mountains of Thibet, and the plains of China; from every jungle in India, from every pagoda in Hindostan; from the snows of Lapland; *Arab, in thy tent, and Cossack on thy steppes; ye ancient Druse from Mount Lebanon; weary-footed wanderer of Salem, speaking all tongues, drinking of all streams—civilized and savage*;—all the ends of the earth, look unto me, and be saved." In all the phases of human sorrow and joy, toil and travail, "look." In the wildest beating of the despairing heart; in the hour of sorrow—that sorrow that is too great for tears; in the tidal sweep of ages; in the surges of a nation's suffering, and in the ripples of individual grief—to quote from a grand litany, "in all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,"—"look unto me, and be ye saved."—Pp. 27—29.

It is not to be denied that, delivered as Dr. Cumming could deliver it, this passage would be very effective, and the close of it, we acknowledge, strikes us as approaching to the beautiful; still, it is too laboured, too artificial, and altogether out of keeping with our notious of calm, simple, Christian teaching.

One passage more and we have done.

'From all considerations of its nature and its acts [the soul's], we

gather a conception of its greatness. Multiply ages into ages—carry century to century, to their highest cube, and all is but an infinitesimal preface to its inexhaustible being. The pyramids of Egypt, just opening their stony lips to speak for God's word; the theatres of Ionia; the colossal remains of Nineveh, experiencing a resurrection from the grave in which God buried it; the iron rail, that strings the bright villages like pearls on its black thread; the paddle-wheel, that disturbs the stillness of the remotest seas; the electric telegraph, that unites minds a thousand miles apart; the tubular bridge, that spans broad firths and great chasms,—are all witnesses to the grandeur and powers of the soul of man.'—Pp. 30, 31.

In addition to this exhibition of the bad taste and tumid style, the combined puerility, vulgarity, and ambitiousness, which distinguish this production of Dr. Cumming, we had intended to make some remarks on its theology, for with *that*, too, we are dissatisfied. We are not sure that it is quite consistent with the standards of his own Church; we *are* sure, or next to it, that it is out of harmony with the mind of Christ, and repugnant to common sense. We think him hardly correct on either 'faith' or 'repentance'; we object to the following description of man *previous to actual sin*, for, if we understand him, it is to humanity simply as such, and before volition, affection, or deed, that he refers:—'The once holy heart has made itself deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; so much so, that the exposure in the light of God's countenance of a naked human soul—just as it is, a fallen apostate soul—would be a spectacle that man could not bear!' This may do for two 'sister'-churches, each of whom holds a species of baptismal regeneration; but it is not, we think, consistent either with the redemptive act of 'the Christ,' or with the import of the words of Jesus. We do not like, either, the bald statement on the 17th page: 'Jesus has endured all that I deserve as a sinner, and obeyed for me all that I owe as a creature.' We neither think this *possible* nor *scriptural*. It is destructive of all *grace*, and therefore subversive of everything like a *gospel*. Not only is there no 'grace' or favour in such a system, but there is 'law' twice over. Rigid, inflexible *justice* may stand upon its demands for *one* of two things; it may claim either all the obedience, or all the penalty, but it is surely *injustice* to require *both*. But if it *gets* both, and yet, if, *after* that, it is to be insisted upon that every thing is given for nothing, we are at a loss to comprehend the meaning of words. There is nothing free or gratuitous in the proceeding; there *must* be a mistake somewhere. We cannot, however, enter, at present, into these various subjects. We have said enough to lead our readers to reflect—whether we, ourselves, are right or wrong.

And now, in concluding what has been to us one of the most painful duties we have ever discharged in the whole course of our literary life, we beg to assure Dr. Cumming and his friends, if either he or they deign to look into this journal, that we are not conscious, in the smallest degree, of having been actuated in what we have done by any personal or unworthy feelings. Dr. Cumming is a man at once of high character and superior talents. He has few equals in equipment for the Romish controversy—not a superior in his readiness in debate. He is a taking, vivid, telling speaker on the religious and philanthropic platform; he is looked up to, and worthily so, we have no doubt, by a large flock, as ‘a good minister of Jesus Christ.’ But his weaknesses have misled him in one of the most important moments of his life; and, instead of rejoicing the hearts of the faithful, and eminently serving the truth, he has made the one sad, and *all but* disgraced the other. His sermon is now in the thirteenth thousand: it has been bought and read by persons of all creeds, and of no creed. It is within our own knowledge that men of no evangelical belief have procured it: and, alas! it is also within our knowledge, that it has served to strengthen and rivet their prejudices. In one direction it is a thing for a jest—in another for tears; *there* it provokes laughter, here it covers with shame! Popularity, reputation, are talents entrusted to a man by the Master; they give influence for good or evil; they involve many and great responsibilities. An inferior man, in an obscure corner, may say or write what, however absurd, can do no harm; for a distinguished man, in a great public service, to presume on his reputation, and to trifle with his talents, is to incur guilt as well as blame—to give an advantage to foes and to discourage friends. It is as ‘when a standard-bearer fainteth.’ We have spoken from the depths of our heart, and have accomplished a duty very severe and oppressive to ourselves. ‘Faithful are the wounds of a friend.’ No unfriendly hand has inflicted those which this paper may possibly occasion. Truth only can give point to the arrows of criticism—venom and bitterness can be easily despised. There is truth, we believe, in what we have said, or we should not have said it; may the motive and the feeling with which it has been said, cause our censure to become, in due time, ‘an excellent oil!’

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* By his Son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Vols. I. & II. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

BIOGRAPHY may justly be styled, history in brief; for as history is the narrative of some larger or smaller section of the human family, biography records the life of the individual man. History, therefore, is made up of many biographies. As philosophy teaches in history by many examples, and in biography by one only, so there will be in the latter a prominence of feature and a boldness of outline which are not possible in the former, where heroes and miscreants, philosophers and fools, are portrayed in groups. Thus, while in history the reader finds large ideas and colossal phenomena, in biography—the life-writing of one man—he contemplates the anatomy of an individual soul. In the one he finds what men *did*; in the other, what they *were*; and as the life of every man has two parts—the outward and the inward—the latter of these two will be learned from biography alone. Now the life of every man is determined by the nature of its ultimate end, and its narrative is good in proportion as the author faithfully delineates. It is portrait-painting for posterity. The present age only shall distinguish the true likeness from the caricature. Alas! what mere daubers have some of our biograph-limners proved themselves! they have painted for us either angels or demons. Their colours have been too bright, or their shadows too deep. The biographical art languishes for naturalness. We want not monsters in our memoir books, whom to see is to abhor; we ask only for the portraits of *men*. Let us, who knew the beautiful soul lately among us, whose ‘life’ is partly written in these volumes, see whether the author has herein faithfully pictured him for the benefit of ‘far posterity.’

Thomas Chalmers was born at Anstruther, a sea-coast town in Fife, on March 17, 1780. ‘The little fellow was named Tom.’ His father was a ‘general merchant’—a man possessed of that astuteness and vigour of mind which obtain more extensively among the lower classes in Scotland than among Englishmen of a similar rank. To have his son early and well trained, seems to have been the great endeavour of this good man; and the parish schoolmaster, to whose care he was entrusted, by the fact of his having schooled young Chalmers, is rescued from that utter oblivion to which the name of many a worthier Dominie is consigned.

‘The parish schoolmaster, Mr. Bryce, had a fair enough reputation

as a Latin scholar, but his days as an effective teacher were over when Dr. Chalmers became his pupil. His sight, which afterwards he totally lost, was beginning to fail. Not so, however, his thirst for flogging, which grew with the decline, and survived the loss of vision. Eager in the pursuit, the sightless tyrant used to creep stealthily along behind a row of his little victims, listening for each indication given by word or motion of punishable offence, and ready, soon as ever the centre of emanation was settled, to inflict the avenging blow. But the quick-sighted urchins were too cunning for him, and soon fell upon a plan to defraud him of his prey. In the row opposite to that behind which the master took his furtive walk, one of the boys was set to watch, and whenever, by sudden stop or uplifted arm, any token of the intention to strike appeared, a pre-concerted sign given quickly to the intended victim enabled him to slip at once but noiselessly out of his place, so that, to Mr. Bryce's enraged discomfiture, and to the no small amusement of his scholars, his best-aimed blows fell not unfrequently upon the hard unflinching desk.'—Vol. i. pp. 5, 6.

Young Chalmers seems to have been the type of a Scottish tradesman's son—rough, bold, mischievous, but, withal, merry-hearted, and given to a full rich laugh. As a boy, he studied closely the immortal work of 'the prince of dreamers;' and in that 'Pilgrim's Progress'—which, strangely enough, the great Edmund Burke thought coarse in style—his young soul wandered from scene to scene, as in a fairy land. This remarkable book no doubt influenced his whole life; for, alluding to it, fifty years afterwards, when an old and wearied man, he says: 'The scenes which interested my boyhood still cleave to me, and impart a peculiar tinge and charm to the same representations when brought within my notice.' At the close of the year 1791, though still a boy, he was enrolled as a student in the United College of St. Andrew's, with John Campbell, the judge, and future author of the 'Lives of the Chancellors,' for his fellow-student. During his first two sessions at college, he drudged on in the laborious routine of the University; and it was not till his third session, in 1794, that 'that intelligence' [intellect?] awoke, which never afterwards knew a season of slumbering inactivity.' In November, 1795, he became a student of divinity. 'Theology, however, occupied but little of his thoughts;' moderatism was in full force in the University, and it was long before the great soul of Chalmers could swathe and cramp 'its due proportion' in the stiff theological bandages to which the student in the divinity-hall must submit himself; but such a soul as his broke through rigid systems, and flourished in spite of them. He early attached himself to a debating society, where his talent for public speaking was developed, and which he continued to attend till the close of his college-studies. According to the law of the Presbyterian Church, young Chalmers had

remained eight sessions at St. Andrew's; and the time at length came when he must quit those halls where mighty influences had worked upon his mind, and he must go out into the wide world to breast its angry floods, and to buffet his way to fame. In May, 1798, he left home to enter a family as a 'private tutor.'

'The day of his departure was one of mixed emotion. Having previously despatched his luggage, he was to travel on horseback to the ferry at Dundee. The whole family turned out to bid him farewell. Having taken, as he thought, his last tender look of them all, he turned to mount the horse which stood waiting for him at the door; but he mounted so that, when fairly on its back, his head was turned, not to the horse's head, but to the horse's tail. This was too much for all parties, and especially for him; so wheeling round as quickly as he could, amid pursuing peals of laughter, which he most heartily re-echoed, he left Anstruther in the rear.'—Vol. i. p. 24.

Miserable life—Egyptian slavery without its scanty sweets!—where, as he wrote to his father, he had 'all the labour and all the drudgery of a schoolmaster, without the respectability of a tutor.' Stranger sight, amid all the strangenesses of that revolutionary time, was not seen than the man, whose great soul was full of a heavenly melody, scrubbing Scotch blockhead-urchins into something like brightness, drilling craniological impracticabilities to think. How must Genius, at the first, foot it on thorny paths—all the way to fame hedged in by difficulties—dunce boys, and an imperious father, 'whose very servants caught his spirit'—all as briars and thorns in the great man's march of life! At the age of nineteen, he applied to the Presbytery of St. Andrew's for a 'license as a preacher of the gospel.' The law of the Church, however, had ordained 'that none be admitted to the ministry before they be twenty-five years of age, except such as for rare and singular qualities shall be judged by the General and Provincial Assembly to be meet and worthy thereof;'—but, as 'a lad o' pregnant pairts,' Chalmers was licensed as a preacher of the gospel in July, 1799. In the following August, his first sermon was preached at Wigan, in reference to which his brother said: 'His mode of delivery is expressive, his language beautiful, and his argument very forcible and strong; it is the opinion of those who pretend to be judges, that he will shine in the pulpit, but as yet he is rather awkward in his appearance.' During the winter, young Chalmers was at Edinburgh, studying mathematics under Professor Playfair; and in the November of 1800, he returned thither for a second session. Dr. Brown had introduced him to Dugald Stewart, from whom he received a ticket of admission to his class of moral philosophy; but, though Stewart was then in full

fame, Chalmers expressed disappointment at the lectures, which appeared to him rather as an incomplete syllabus, than 'a comprehensive whole.' Yet he is compelled to admit, that Mr. Stewart is an admirable expounder of the distinctiveness of Reid's philosophy. At this time, it would seem that he became entangled in philosophical scepticism, generated perhaps by his close and ardent study of the works of Godwin and Mirabaud—an evil, during the years which immediately followed the great French Revolution, by no means uncommon in the experience of eager minds *on their way to truth*; for that great political volcano, in its terrific upheavings, had shaken the bases of all creeds and societies whatever. There was unhealthy excitement in the minds of all men; the glow as of fever-heat; the European Samson, with his fire-written phylactery of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' awakening from the torpidity of ages, was violently breaking the decaying withes of the sacerdotal Philistine; and the convulsion had cast down all that was revered in the moss of antiquity, or of weight from prescriptive right. The surges of the great social storm lashed religion—her very temple became impure—her altar was overturned—her lamps quenched and broken—her vestments placed upon a drunken harlot—the foulest orgies polluted her fane—her consecrated vessels degraded to the uses of obscene revelry—her name profaned—and her calm, unearthly dignity became a mockery in the face of day. The most refined nation of the earth had built for themselves a temple, in which Voltaire and Rousseau were the presiding genii, and Robespierre and Danton the officiating priests. Philosophy, abandoning her peaceful retreats, paraded among the haunts of men in the wanton attire of an inflamed courtesan—poetry wedded with impious lust—and theology either wore the mask of the scoffer, or fled affrighted from the obscenities and the madness of a people who had ostracized God from their churches and virtue from their hearths. They who lately swept the kennels of Paris, or fished for food in its gutters, or drearily lived in the constant twilight of its cellars, now swarmed in royal halls, bawled in the tribunes of its senates, filled the civic chairs, and ruled the destinies of their country. Never before had the world seen a convulsion so fearful, a revolution so complete, a catastrophe so to be deplored. Everything had become changed—royalty was gone as a dream—nobility was dispelled as a poetical phantasy, or an historical illusion—and the dreary superstition of many centuries had given birth to a dauntless Pyrrhonism, or to a bold and unblushing Atheism. It is hard to believe that any great mind reaches certainty at once. There will always be many pauses in the progress—many 'Doubting Castles,' where the pilgrims to the great shrine

of Truth will be captive for a while ; and the serene heights of faith, from which the pilgrim can look down, unmoved, on the shifting vapour and howling storms beneath him, are reached after many a painful wandering and wearying ascent through 'bye-paths and trackless ways.' Beattie's 'Essay on Truth' had been useful to the doubter ; but, we gather from a letter written by him, at the close of life, to a friend going through those difficulties and perplexities which beset original minds, and which had so peculiarly impeded his own, that prayer had been the great solvent of his doubts and the dispeller of his fears. Thus, long afterward, he writes, in the tranquil evening of his age, when the world was doing homage to his intellect and his eminent goodness, and when he was awaiting the unloosing of those barriers which 'grossly hold us in' from full-orbed truth and the perfect life—and his advice is like the beacon which some 'ancient mariner,' who has learned from the voyagings of fifty years the hidden shoals of the deep, lights in a dangerous sea to guide the wandering bark—

'I sympathize with you all the more in the state of philosophical scepticism that you complain of, that I at one time experienced it myself. The book to which I was most indebted for my deliverance was Beattie's "Essay on Truth." I owe a great deal, too, to the introductory Lectures of Professor Robison, whom I attended at the beginning of this century as a student of natural philosophy. The substance of these lectures is to be found in the latter half of the article "Philosophy," and also in the article "Physics," in the supplementary volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Under all the difficulties and despondencies of such a state, I would still encourage you to prayer. Cry as you can. With zeal, moral earnestness, and a perseverance in this habit, light will at length arise out of darkness. Do not indulge these sceptical tendencies ; but under the conviction of their being a great misfortune and evil, struggle against them to the uttermost.'—*Ib.* i. p. 44.

Would that many young men, who, in the search for truth, arrive at doubts and cannot get beyond them ; or who reach a philosophical faith in God, but know nothing of the calm religiousness and hallowing influence of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, could find at all times an adviser equally able and kindly with Chalmers—such pilotage would save thousands whom a want of skill in the adviser drives to irretrievable ruin !

The limits assigned to this article will not allow us to bring before the reader many of those incidents in the early life of Chalmers which tend to establish the fact, that every great man has extraordinary difficulties to contend with. The day of glory has always a morning-tide of cloud and storm. The man of moderate talent seldom encounters serious obstacles—should

difficulties obtrude themselves on his path, he will make a lengthened circuit to escape them. If the Alps are before Hannibal, he crosses them. If electors and dukes raise a fearful opposition to Luther, he attacks them. The monks generally had remained in their cells, and cowered before an evil they dared not meet, muttering many *pater-nosters*—but heroic Luther must do or die. It was so with Chalmers. To yield to surrounding difficulties, were to acknowledge either his impotence or his cowardice; and these qualities can have no place in the *physique* of a great man. But, withal, it is amusing to watch those scuffles in the St. Andrew's-halls—unacknowledged right struggling for might—the uncouth aspirant to academic fame sorely beset by prejudice and faction, giving blows like a giant—deep in lectures chemical and mathematical—and having on the whole a rough time of it. Old custom always frets at innovation, and the young philosopher found the Faculty at St. Andrew's conservatively arrayed against all intrusion on their ancient rights. He had been ordained by the presbytery of Cupar as minister of Kilmany parish, in the May of 1803; and as envy, calumny, and faction hedge the path of genius on its early way, Chalmers soon found that presbyterial influence would be added to his other assailants. Menzel affirms that 'the most mischievous of all the political devils has hitherto always worn the dress of the pious hermit;' and perhaps, in many instances, the bitterest enemies with which virtuous greatness has had to struggle, have been men who wore the garb and spoke the language of religion. 'The path of the just is as the shining light, which shines more and more unto the perfect day;' and though many clouds may overlies a good man's path in life, he will in the end burst through them all, and make even the clouds beautiful by the reflexion of his brightness. So the greatness of Chalmers gives an interesting tint even to the prejudice and envy of the St. Andrew's professors, and their connexion with him at this period will save some of them from oblivion. . . . It is an attribute of genius, that it immortalizes even its accidents; and many worthless men are known to posterity only by their casual connexion with the truly great. Nowhere does the prominent feature of his character more show itself than in these troubles at St. Andrew's—that self-reliant manliness, distinctive only of the largest minds, in the possession of which, even had a world opposed him, it had lain conquered at his feet. 'It is well for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.' He, who overcomes in his youth, will remain victor in his age; and the feet which have perseveringly trodden the flinty way of early endeavour, will find the decline of life smooth as a meadow-path. We must pass

hastily over his offering himself as a candidate for the Natural Philosophy Chair at St. Andrew's, and for the Mathematical Chair at Edinburgh; but how much had the world lost, and how large a niche in the temple of the orators had been for ever unfilled, if desire had been gratified, and the rest of his life had been passed in leading Caledonian youth through the mysteries of statics or dynamics, or spent in the dreary employ of elimination and integration! Also, we can only hastily notice his enrolment as chaplain and lieutenant, in the St. Andrew's corps of volunteers; but we will quote the conclusion of the narrative of his brother George's illness and death:—

'Every evening, at George's own request, one of Newton's sermons was read at his bedside by some member of the family in rotation. It was one of the very books which, a short time previously, Thomas had named and denounced from the pulpit. Bending over the pulpit, and putting on the books named the strong emphasis of dislike, he had said—"Many books are favourites with you, which I am sorry to say are no favourites of mine. When you are reading Newton's 'Sermons,' and Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' and Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress,' where do Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John go to?" As he now read one of these books to his dying brother, and witnessed the support and consolation which its truths conveyed, strange misgivings must have visited him. He was too close, too acute, too affectionate an observer not to notice that it was something more than the mere "manly indifference of his profession [he had been a sailor], something more than a mere blind submission to an inevitable fate, which imparted such calmness and serene elevation to George's dying hours. He was in his room when those pale and trembling lips were heard to say, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." Perhaps, as the words were uttered, the thought arose that in his own case, as compared with that of his brother, the words might be verified. In company with a weeping household, he bent over the parting scene, and heard the closing testimony given, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." George died on the 16th December, 1806. It was the first death of a near relation which Thomas had witnessed; and the deep impression which it made was the first step towards his own true and thorough conversion to God.'—*Ib.* pp. 101, 102.

Beautiful are the lines of his character, as we obtain glimpses of them here and there—though as yet he was serving his Great Master blindly, and with a mind not altogether in humble submission to the Divine will. His brother James had removed from Liverpool to London, and in the metropolis he had followed the example of many of his countrymen who have migrated southward, and quitted the Presbyterian for the Episcopal communion. Of this apostasy he sent information to his brother.

““ You desired me,” was Thomas’s reply, “to show my father your first letter. I would not have done so for the world. Your apostasy from the Kirk would have horrified him, and he would have sighed over the degeneracy of that son who could renounce old mother Presbytery in the face of one of its ministers. But whatever I say, may the vengeance of Heaven pursue me, if I feel contempt for that man who has passed through the world unstained by its corruptions—who has walked the manly career of independence and honour—who has escaped the infection of a degenerate age, and can boast a mind that has preserved its integrity amidst all the seductions of policy and interest. Such is the character of our good father. May the great Spirit bear up the weight of his old age, and blunt the arrow that gives it rest.”—*Ib.* pp. 97, 98.

The life of Chalmers, till the beginning of 1809, was spent partly at his little manse, and amid much hospitality there—in preaching—and, at the wish of Dr. Brewster, its editor, in preparing articles for the ‘Edinburgh Encyclopædia.’ He fulfilled all the duties of his office, but his service was not that of an enlightened soul, living by an evangelical faith. He adored God as the Supreme, Everlasting, and Allperfect; but he knew the Reconciler and Saviour rather as a dogmatist than as a practical believer in the gospel, and his soul was not bowed in humbleness before the doctrines of the Cross. If we may here introduce such phraseology, his religion was rather ethical than spiritual. He knew the gospel as some vast idea, and he admired the magnificence of its conception, the magnitude of its aim, and the condescension of its purpose; but he knew it as he knew a theory of the British or of the Kantian philosophy, not as a *living power*, which changes the nature of him who believes in it—which banishes rebellious thoughts, and which brings lapsed and sinning man into direct communication and closest alliance with his Creator and rightful Lord. That great lesson—‘How shall man be just with God?’ he had yet to learn—that resplendent knowledge he had yet to acquire, before which, so far as the recovery of the estranged heart of man is concerned, the lamps of purest science and of sublimest philosophy must alike ‘pale their ineffectual fires.’ Death had of late been a frequent visitant in his family—George was gone—his sister Barbara, tenderly loved, had fallen in consumption—his uncle Ballardie, ‘a kind of second father to his nephews and nieces,’ had passed away—his father was now nearing the goal so few reach, his ‘threescore years and ten’—and Mr. Chalmers himself was prostrate; he languished under ‘an affection of the liver;’ he knew not but that the hand of the fell destroyer of his kindred had fallen upon him too. For four months he never left his room—it was nearly two years before he fully recovered. During this tedious suffering he surveyed his past life—it had

not been altogether profitless, but it showed like a barren moorland, when viewed in the light of eternity. He looked outward and onward to the future—he thought he saw death approaching—he was not prepared to die—a panic seized him—his former self-trustfulness was broken to pieces, and a new thought took possession of him. But it is not our part to describe the birth-hour of his soul; and it would be wronging the able author of this beautiful history, if we did not present to our readers his account of his kinsman's 'great change.'

'Contemplated from the confines of eternity, his past life looked to Mr. Chalmers like a feverish dream, the fruitless chasing of a shadow. Blinded by the fascination of the things seen and temporal, he had neglected the things unseen and eternal. He had left undischarged the highest duties of human life, and he had despised that faith which can alone lend enduring value to its labours, and shed the light of a satisfying hope around its close. How empty had all these bygone years been of God. True, he had not been wholly forgetful; many an adoring thought of the Almighty, as the great Creator, Upholder, Governor of the universe, had filled his mind, and many grateful feelings towards his heavenly Benefactor had visited his heart. But that, he now felt, was not enough. The clear, unchallengeable right belonged to God over the full affection of the heart, the unremitting obedience of the life, but no such affection had been entertained; and it had been but seldom that a distinct regard to the will of God had given its birth or its direction to any movement of his past history. In name acknowledged, but in their true nature and extent misunderstood, he felt that his Creator's claims over him had been practically disallowed and dishonoured during his whole career. The meagre and superficial faith of former years could no longer satisfy him. It could not stand the scrutiny of the sick-room; it could not bear to be confronted with death; it gave way under the application of its own chosen test; for surely even reason taught that if man have a God to love and serve, and an eternity beyond death to provide for, towards that God a supreme and abiding sense of obligation should be cherished; and to the providing for that eternity the whole efforts of a life-time should be consecrated. Convinced of the fatal error upon which the whole scheme of his former life had been constructed, Mr. Chalmers resolved upon a change. He would no longer live here as if here he were to live for ever. Henceforth and habitually, he would recognise his immortality; and remembering that this fleeting pilgrimage was a scene of trial, a place of spiritual probation, he would dedicate himself to the service of God, and live with the high aim and purpose of one who was training for eternity. It was a kind of life which had already been realized by countless thousands of his countrymen, and why not by him? It had been realized by Pascal in making the sublime transition from the highest walks of science to the still higher walk of faith. It had been realized by those early Christians whose lives and testimonies he was now engaged in studying. Surrounded with such a cloud of witnesses, a new ambition, stronger and more

absorbing than that which had thirsted so eagerly for literary fame, fired Mr. Chalmers's breast. Every thought of his heart, every word of his lip, every action of his life, he would henceforth strive to regulate under a high presiding sense of his responsibility to God; his whole life he would turn into a preparation for eternity. With all the ardour of a nature which never could do anything by halves, with all the ardour of an enthusiasm which had at length found an object worthy of its whole energies at their highest pitch of effort, he gave himself to the great work of setting himself right with God. The commencement of such an enterprise makes a great and signal epoch in his spiritual history. It sprung out of his profound sense of human mortality; his vivid realizing of the life that here is in its connexion with the life that is to come; his recognition of the supremacy which God and the high interests of eternity should wield over the heart and life of man. It did not originate in any change in his speculative belief induced by his studies either of the contents or credentials of the Bible. In the course of that memorable transition-period, which elapsed from the beginning of November, 1809, till the close of December, 1810, important modifications in his doctrinal views were undoubtedly effected. His partial discovery of the pervading and defiling element of ungodliness gave him other notions of human depravity than those he had previously entertained, and prepared him not only to acquiesce in, but to appropriate to himself, representations from which a year before he would have turned away with disgust. And with his altered view of human sinfulness, there came also an altered view of the atonement. He was prepared now to go farther than he had gone before in recognising the death of Christ as a true and proper sacrifice for sin. Still, however, while looking to that death for the removal of past guilt, he believed that it lay wholly with himself, after he had been forgiven, to approve himself to God, to win the Divine favour, to work out the title to the heavenly inheritance. The full and precise effect of Christ's obedience unto death was not as yet discerned. Over that central doctrine of Christianity, which tells of the sinner's free justification before God through the merits of his Son, there hung an obscuring mist; there was a flaw in the motive which prompted the struggle in which Mr. Chalmers so devotedly engaged; there was a misconception of the object which it was possible by such a struggle to realize. More than a year of fruitless toil had to be described ere the true ground of a sinner's acceptance with God was reached, and the true principle of all acceptable obedience was implanted in his heart.'—*Ib.* pp. 153—155.

From this period Mr. Chalmers kept a journal, which our author has largely drawn upon in order to portray him as he was; and as here we have frequent glimpses into the inner life of a soul struggling towards God, and panting for ever new and ever higher manifestations of Him—we pronounce the extracts from this journal to be among the chief attractions of the biography. This daily record of his 'often infirmities,' and of his spiritual growth, was intended for no eye but his Maker's and his own;

but now that the illustrious writer of them has joined the 'band of the immortals,' they may with propriety be presented to the public eye. Much shall he learn, who closely studies them, of the simplicity of the life of a good man—'integer vitæ scelerisque purus'—which, in spite of differing creeds and manifold sectarianisms, is alike in all who love and obey the truth; and of the safety and bliss of that soul which dwells ever 'in the secret place of the Most High.' Beautiful are the features of his character herein discernible—a panting for the Water of Life—aspiration after the Divine nature—gentleness as of a tender mother, simplicity as of a little child—the loud utterances of a mighty soul, and wailings and sympathies touching as the notes of an *Æolian* harp—an earnest and constant endeavour after purity of motive—a walk with God—incessant warfare with everything which is antagonistic to heavenly-mindedness—and, above all, a complete devotement of his powers to the service of Him who 'came to seek and to save that which was lost.' In many passages—making allowances for the difference in the time and circumstances of the two men—we are strongly reminded of the life of the elder Henry by his saintly son; than which—if that biography is to be the most commended which is the closest portrait-painting—we maintain that no better has ever been written. The intellectual endowments of these two great men differed essentially—where the one only whispered, the other thundered—where the illustrious Nonconformist gently pleaded, the athletic Presbyterian argued with a trumpet-tongue—and while Henry was well-versed in antique theology, the Greek version of the Septuagint, in the New Testament, and in that heavy scholastic Latinity, which was a substantial part of learning in the seventeenth century, Chalmers had perhaps the slightest acquaintance with these; but they strongly resembled each other in their humbleness, self-reliance, submission to the Divine will, eminent holiness, and complete devotedness to the object of their mission. They of our readers who have not been fortunate enough to peruse these volumes of the Life of Chalmers, may be desirous of learning how the 'great change' was happily completed. We will allow our author to narrate this for us:—

'The effort after a pure and heavenly morality which Mr. Chalmers had so long and so unfalteringly sustained, was now on the eve of a change, which was not only to alter, but to reverse in their relative positions its starting point and its goal. All the natural elements at work throughout this struggle were elements of signal power. A vigorous and enlightened intelligence—a conscience strong, but very tender—most delicately susceptible, yet devoid of all narrowness and weakness—a will of most inflexible determination, become now a yielding servant to the high sense of duty—these all exerting them-

selves under the profound impression that God's eye was ever on them as they toiled, and that everlasting interests hung suspended on the issue, present to us such a full and attractive exhibition of mere natural character as might have invited analysis, or fixed for a season the eye of our admiration. But all lesser interest connected with this period loses itself in the light and meaning thrown upon it by its close. As the year (1810) expired, and for his evening readings at Anstruther, while he remained there after his sister's death, Mr. Chalmers took up Wilberforce's "Practical View," a work especially intended to expose the inadequate conceptions regarding the leading and peculiar doctrines of Christianity which characterised the religious system prevailing among professed Christians. "We are loudly called on," said Mr. Wilberforce, "*to examine well our foundations*. If anything be there unsound and hollow, the superstructure could not be safe though its exterior were less suspicious. Let the question then be asked, and let the answer be returned with all the consideration and solemnity which a question so important may justly demand, Whether, in the grand concern of all—*the means of a sinner's acceptance with God*, there be not reason to apprehend that nominal Christians too generally entertain very superficial and confused, if not highly dangerous notions?" The summons came from one whose character was otherwise so enthusiastically admired, and it was so wisely and so winningly given, that it would have been listened to, even if Mr. Chalmers had not been subject at the time to that restless dissatisfaction with the fruits of all his own former efforts, which made him at this conjuncture peculiarly open to instruction. As in this favourable spirit he read this volume, he found his own case accurately delineated and wisely prescribed for. The critical condition of the reader lent power to Mr. Wilberforce's volume. A prolonged but abortive effort had prepared Mr. Chalmers to welcome the truth of a gratuitous justification before God through the merits of Christ. For upwards of a year, he had striven with all his might to meet the high requirements of the Divine law—but the conviction was now wrought in him that he had been attempting an impossibility; that he had been trying to combine elements which would not amalgamate; that it must be either on his own merits wholly, or on Christ's merits wholly, that he must lean; and that, by introducing to any extent his own righteousness into the ground of his own meritorious acceptance with God, "he had been inserting a flaw, he had been importing a falsehood into the very principle of his justification."—*Ib.* pp. 183—188.

With restored health and renewed heart, he applied himself vigorously to the duties of his office—amusing himself during severer studies with various experiments of the chemical kind. Among other experiments, he resolved on having his house fitted with gas-tubes, so early as 1811; a fact which proves that he possessed that faculty which is the accompaniment of highest genius—*foresight of the advances of humanity*—a happy generalization from the newest principles of the time as to the ultimate results of them. After his conversion, Chalmers seems to

have abandoned his mathematical studies—engaging occasionally in the ‘review department’—nourishing and fortifying his mind by a constant perusal of some of the ablest works in defence of Christianity—‘weaned from the ardour of scientific pursuits’—and giving his undivided attention to theology, and to the sublime duties of his office—reasoning with the thoughtless, awakening to a new idea and to a new directness of life the listless and the frivolous, and ministering, at the bed of death, to those whose very dissolution was radiant with the hope of immortality. The following quotation from his journal, a year after his conversion, will plainly show that his renewed life, during that period, had been neither idly nor unprofitably spent :—

‘March 16th.—I have brought one year of the journal to its close ; and though decidedly more religious in my taste, in my temper, in my views, and in my pursuits, I have still much to aspire after. The following is a rapid sketch of my last year’s labours :—Read a good deal of mathematics, but have finally abandoned that study, and pursue henceforth an exclusive attention to Divinity. Read four volumes of “Lardner;” Newton on the “Prophecies;” Campbell on the “Gospels;” Charters’s “Sermons;” Young’s “Night Thoughts;” “Paradise Lost;” “Hints on Toleration,” by Philagatharcles; Wilberforce’s “View of Christianity;” Maltby’s “Illustration of the Christian Evidence;” Scott’s “Lady of the Lake;” Lardner on the “Canons of the Old and New Testament;” and the “Edinburgh Review,” and “Christian Instructor” as they came out. Wrote a review of “Charters’s Sermons;” great part of a large performance on the evidences of Christianity; a sermon on Psalm xi. 1; another on Psalm viii. 1; and a lecture on Psalm cxxxvii. 1—6; a great many in short-hand, for the ordinary supply of my parish, of which I delivered one on 1 Corinthians viii. 13 [will be found in Dr. Chalmers’s Works, vol. vi. p. 234], in the hearing of Dr. Charters, who seemed to be more taken with it than with one that was carefully written; a speech for Dr. Playfair, which I delivered at the Synod; and part of a review of “Hints on Toleration”—in all about thirty-four sheets of closely written paper.’—*Ib.* pp. 204, 205.

In the early part of 1812, Mr. Chalmers became engaged to ‘Miss Grace Pratt, daughter of Captain Pratt, of 1st Royal Veteran Battalion,’ for whom we find in his journal this apostolical prayer :—‘O my God, pour thy best blessings on —, give her ardent and decided Christianity. May she be the blessing and joy of all around her. May her light shine while she lives, and when she dies may it prove to be a mere step, a transition in her march to a joyful eternity.’ The marriage took place on August 4th, in the same year, ‘as privately as possible,’ ‘before dinner at Starbank.’ ‘The clergyman, a veteran in his ninetieth year, made a laughable mistake,’ which, as Chalmers wrote to his sister, ‘converted a business that is often accompanied with

tears into a perfect frolic. It made me burst out, and set all the ladies a tittering. In laying the vows on Grace, what he required of her was that she should be a loving and affectionate husband, to which she curtsied.' With this lady, he lived in 'peace, harmony, and affection,' happily directing her mind, and sharing those joys which are richly given to the faithful and the virtuous, having a 'growing delight in the fulness and sufficiency of Christ,' and diligently labouring in the service of his Lord, for the elevation of humanity. On May 5th, 1813, his wife gave birth to a daughter, of which we find the following notice in his journal:—'Born about five minutes before two in the afternoon, and I was employed at the time in correcting for the press the second paragraph about the contempt incurred by missionaries in my sermon on Psalm xli. 1.' In the October of 1812, Mr. Chalmers had preached, at Dundee, the first sermon on any public occasion after his conversion, in behalf of the Missionary Society—an organization to the philanthropy and grandeur of whose conceptions he was fully awake. In 1808, Sydney Smith had published in 'The Edinburgh Review' one of those articles which attacked the missionary-idea, and which, it may truly be said, was written in angry ridicule of whatever is vital and positive in evangelical religion. But 'the nest of consecrated cobblers,' as this unhappy divine termed the heroic band of the immortal Carey and others, were men of larger stature, and of wider range of Christian benevolence, than the punning reviewer could comprehend. They were above him and beyond him in all that makes men really dignified and great. This 'brilliant diner out,' as we think Byron called him, could forge ill-conditioned jokes at marvellous speed—he could 'set the table in a roar,' pandering to the worn and wearied tastes of profligate voluptuaries—and he could easily detect any glaring fallacy in an election-manifesto, or a pseudo-philosophical argumentation, or he could hold up to ridicule the absurdities of a drowsy sermon—though we take leave to express our opinion, that his logical acumen and entire mental power have always been greatly exaggerated; but he had a perfect moral incapacity of pronouncing on those great men who made it their mission to reclaim the alien and the stranger, and to conquer heathendom itself to the dominion of Jesus. Seeking pleasure as its ultimate good, his soul could not kindle with that holy enthusiasm which glowed in the heart of a Paul, a Xavier, a Carey, and a Chalmers; nor were distant isles, desolate in their suicidal barbarity, and debased by foulest rites—whose gods were distortions of a demon, and whose religion was a bloody pantomime—any more to his courtly ear than the dwelling of savages, whom Nature had made degraded, and whom the civilized might leave to their

jungles and their huts. That only which is really good shall be found durable in this world, and the best and holiest of men only shall have true fame. The glory of a Milton and a Howard shall be found, after many ages, like the Cyclopæan erections of the early time—colossal, indestructible,—a glory ‘that cannot fade away;’ while the great host of jokers and witlings, like insects which sparkled in the summer-light, and who made ‘their summer-lives one ceaseless *laugh*,’ shall have passed away, ‘leaving no wreck behind.’ We shall not be thought harsh or ungenerous, by those who are wise, when we say that, had Sydney Smith known what is really the distinctive spirit of Christianity—had his own mind ever lain under its imbuing influences—his keen spirit had been the first to perceive, in the founding of a missionary society, one of those great impulses which should carry a flood of civilization and of truth among savage hordes and deluded devotees, wherever these might exist. It has been the fate of every great reformation to be ridiculed at its birth; and as in our own day the acute Lardner argued, from clearest mathematical demonstration, the utter impossibility of a British steam-ship ever reaching an American harbour; so Sydney Smith, when the fathers of missionary enterprise set out on their illustrious voyage, asks, in his godless scorn, ‘Why are we to send out little detachments of maniacs to spread over the fine regions of the world the most unjust and contemptible opinion of the gospel?’ We imagine the pursy joker believed more in the gospel according to Canterbury, than in the gospel according to Luke or John. He has had *his* life-march—his ‘works’ (at least those of them which are *his*) follow him, and he is now a mere froth-bubble on the rushing stream of time; but the ‘consecrated cobbler’ of Hackleton, with £20 pittance for ‘preaching,’ has begotten a thought which is gradually removing idol and shrine, priest and warrior; and he has become great in the world’s story. Completely had this ‘son of thunder,’ this keen-edged wit, forgotten that causes, seemingly trivial, produce immense effects—that the life-long darling dream of a humble mechanic, and the song of a poet, poor and despised, are changing the habitudes of men, and harmonizing into one brotherhood the nations of the earth—and that the little spring and the rippling stream, in the far-off gorge and upland valley, become at last Maranon and Danube. On this subject it is a pleasing task to quote what our author has written with much taste and feeling:—

‘When the *working of his mind* began, of which the witty reviewer makes such pleasant use, Carey was a journeyman-shoemaker in the small hamlet of Hackleton, a few miles from Northampton; and when, as a “consecrated cobbler,” he removed to the neighbouring village of

Moulton, it was to preach to a small congregation of Baptists for a salary under £20 a year, and to teach a school besides, that he might eke out a scanty livelihood. To Sydney Smith, as to nine-tenths of the British population at that time, it looked ridiculous enough that such a man should not only trouble his own mind, and try for years to trouble the minds of others, about the conversion of 420 millions of Pagans, but that he should actually propose that he himself should be sent out to execute the project. He succeeded at last, however, in obtaining liberty to bring the subject before the small religious community of which he was a member; and on the 2nd October, 1792, at a meeting of the Baptist Association at Kettering, it was resolved to form a Missionary Society; but when the sermon was preached, and the collection made, it was found to amount to no more than £12 13s. 6d. With such agents as Carey, and collections like this of Kettering to support them, Indian missions appeared a fit quarry for that shaft which none knew better than our Edinburgh reviewer how to use; and yet, looking somewhat more narrowly at the "consecrated cobbler," there was something about him, even at the beginning, sufficient to disarm ridicule; for, if we notice him in his little garden, he will be seen motionless, for an hour or more, in the attitude of intense thought; or, if we join him in his evening hours, we shall find him reading the Bible in one or other of four different languages with which he has already made himself familiar; or, if we follow him into his school, we shall discover him with a large leather-globe of his own construction, pointing out to the village urchins the different kingdoms of the earth, saying, "These are Christians—these are Mahommedans—and these are Pagans, and these are Pagans!" his voice stopped by strong emotion as he repeats and re-repeats the last mournful utterance. Driven, by the jealousy of the East India Company, out of an English ship in which he was about to sail, he took his passage in a Danish vessel, and chose a Danish settlement in India for his residence; yet he lived till, from that press which he established at Serampore, there had issued 212,000 copies of the sacred Scriptures in forty different languages—the vernacular tongues of 380 millions of immortal beings, of whom more than 100 millions were British subjects, and till he had seen expended upon that noble object, on behalf of which the first small offering at Kettering was presented, no less a sum than £91,500.—*Ib.* pp. 313—315.

We have neither time nor space to follow the life of Mr. Chalmers closely, nor can we justly describe his special 'monthly devotions'—his waiting for God's Spirit—his constant reference to Christ and simple faith in him; nor can we, within our present limits, show how from his pulpit, in the copious flow of his eloquence, and among his congregation and friends, he shed the light of a simple and genuine piety; nor, how in his scientific foreshadowings he was ever in advance of his age. Particularly, however, must we remark, in reference to the then infant science of geology, that he broke away from the theological trammels of the time, and that he was the first religious teacher in Scotland

who expressed his belief that the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe, but that geology, in its tracings of cause and effect, in the strata and general structure of the earth, may be in exact harmony with all that is recorded of creation, both as to the time and manner of it, in the book of the Genesis. Everywhere, to follow the track of this great man, is to learn from him ; and such communion as we have with him through these pages is instructive to the intellectual and edifying to the spiritual within us. In the course of 1813, Mr. Chalmers met with Andrew Fuller at Dundee, and as his conversation with that remarkable man produced no little effect on his mind, we will quote from our author's account of the interview and its results :—

‘ This visit of Mr. Fuller was one of the incidents in his Kilmany life, to which Mr. Chalmers always looked back with pride and pleasure. He could not refrain from referring to it when introducing a remark of Mr. Fuller's into one of his theological lectures. “ It has been exceedingly well said,” he remarked, “ by the judicious Andrew Fuller, on whose last visit to Scotland, in 1813, I felt my humble country manse greatly honoured by harbouring him for a day and two nights within its walls—it has been exceedingly well said by this able champion and expounder of our common Christianity, that the points on which the disciples of the Saviour agree, greatly outnumber, and in respect of importance very greatly outweigh, the points on which they differ.” The candour, the ardour, the simplicity, the originality, the power, the gentleness—all of which he found so singularly associated in his new acquaintance, made a profound impression upon Mr. Fuller. Though he did not live to see it, having died before Mr. Chalmers's removal to Glasgow, he was already measuring the width of that sphere of influence which he was fitted and destined to fill. . . . Under the very strong conviction, that his use of the manuscript in the pulpit impaired the power of his Sabbath addresses, Mr. Fuller strenuously urged upon his friend the practice of extempore preaching, or preaching from notes. “ If that man,” said he to his companion, Mr. Anderson, after they had taken leave of Kilmany-manse—“ if that man would but throw away his papers in the pulpit, he might be King of Scotland.” Mr. Chalmers was perfectly willing to make the experiment, and he gave full time and all diligence to the attempt ; but it failed. He read, reflected, jotted down the outlines of a discourse, and then went to the pulpit trusting to the suggestion of the moment for the phraseology he should employ ; but he found that the ampler his materials were, the more difficult was the utterance. His experience in this respect he used to compare to the familiar phenomenon of a bottle with water in it turned suddenly upside down : the nearly empty bottle discharges itself fluently and at once ; the nearly full one labours in the effort, and lets out its contents with jerks, and large explosions and sudden stops, as if choked by its own fulness. . . . After a succession of efforts, the attempt at extempore preaching was relinquished ; but he carried into the study that insatiable desire to effect a

lodgment of the truth in the minds of others, which had so much to do with the origin of all that amplification and reiteration with which his writings abound. In preparing for the pulpit, he scarcely ever sat down to write without the idea of other minds, whom it was his object to impress, being either more distinctly or latently present to his thoughts; and he seldom rose from writing without the feeling that still other modes of influential representation remained untried.'—*Ib.* pp. 336—339.

As our readers probably feel a higher interest in the life of Mr. Chalmers as the preacher, than as the critic or literary man, we subjoin one more quotation, which will cast additional light on his pulpit-preparation:—

'The opening months of 1811, as they brought tranquillity and establishment to his own heart, so they gave a new character to his Sabbath ministrations. I have been able to trace to this period so many of the sermons afterwards selected by their author for publication, and have found so few alterations made in the original manuscripts in preparing them for the press, as to be satisfied that the three final years of his ministry at Kilmany supplied as many, as elaborate, and as eloquent discourses, as any other three years in the whole course of his ministry. It was not the stimulus of cultivated audiences, and an intellectual sphere—it was not the effort to win or sustain a widespread popularity—it was not the straining after originality of thought or splendour of illustration, which gave to these discourses their peculiar form and character. They were, to a great extent, the spontaneous products of that new love and zeal which divine grace had planted in his soul; the shape and texture of their eloquence springing from the combined operation of all his energies. . . . Much time and great care were bestowed upon these preparations for the pulpit. Instead of the two or three hours which had once been sufficient, they now engrossed the leisure of the whole preceding week. And besides that weekly amount of composition which was necessary to meet the demands of each succeeding Sabbath, he had always a discourse in preparation upon which the occasional efforts of a whole month were expended—the two sets of sermons, from the different characters in which they were written, being described in his own vocabulary as his short-handers and long-handers. He frequently advised his young ministers, in addition to their ordinary preparations, to have a monthly and more elaborate sermon always in progress.'—*Ib.* pp. 417, 418.

In the autumn of 1814, Mr. Chalmers preached at Bendochy, in Perthshire, a funeral sermon for an early college-friend; and among the auditors were 'Mr. Robert Tennent, jun., and four other Glasgow citizens, who came as members of the Town Council of Glasgow, to hear Mr. Chalmers as one who had been mentioned as a candidate for the Tron Church in that city, vacant at this time, in consequence of its former minister, Dr. Macgill, having been appointed to the chair of Theology.'

There was much canvassing of the *electors* on the occasion, but the result was the triumphant return of Mr. Chalmers, on November 25, 1814, as minister of the large and wealthy congregation worshipping in the Tron Church. He balanced every argument which suggested itself, for or against his acceptance of the invitation to Glasgow:—

‘The two chief obstacles to Mr. Chalmers’s removal from Kilmany were: his fears as to the amount of extra and unprofessional labour which was laid upon the clergymen of Glasgow, and his regret at leaving a people and neighbourhood to which he was very tenderly attached. An explanatory letter from Dr. Balfour helped to remove the one; it cost acute and long-continued suffering to remove the other. Looking to the hills which bounded his peaceful valley, and waving his staff to them as if in mournful farewell, he said to a friend who was walking by his side, “Ah! my dear sir, my heart is wedded to these hills.” Coming back to his old parish, more than twenty years after he had left it, he exclaimed, “Oh! there was more tearing of the heart-strings at leaving the valley of Kilmany than at leaving all my great parish at Glasgow.”’—*Ib.* p. 454.

Mr. Chalmers preached his first sermon in Glasgow on March 30, 1815, and at once he was surrounded by a ‘blaze of unparalleled popularity;’ but still the memory of his dear Kilmany made him feel like an exile amid the splendours of a distant and foreign city. That place, where first the irresistible love of Jesus made his soul captive to the gospel, where he had been married, and where his daughter was born, was still to him surrounded by the magic influence of home; and amid the anxieties and pressures of his arduous Glasgow ministry, the recollection of his humble parish—the oasis of his life—soothed his agitated spirit and calmed him in the midst of tempest. He found ‘a deal of very strange work in the business of a Glasgow minister;’ indeed, it would seem that he not only had to be often in the pulpit, (and neglect of public worship is certainly not a sin much known in that western metropolis of Scotland)—a frequent visitor at the tables of his wealthier hearers, the merchant-princes of that tumultuous city—a sort of town-missionary to the savoury regions of the Saltmarket and the Briggate; but he had also to sign spirit licences and pedlar-qualifications.

Shortly after his settlement in Glasgow, he formed a close and intimate friendship with a Mr. Thomas Smith, the son of a Glasgow publisher—a young man of lofty intellect and remarkable piety. The heart of the illustrious preacher yearned over this young man, and as a kindly genius he watched and tended him closely, leading him on from stage to stage of Christian knowledge, drawing him nearer and nearer to that Cross where alone human impurity can be cleansed, and thus fitting him for

that heavenly life he was destined speedily to reach. Beautiful it is to find him writing prayers for his friend, when unable to leave his room; for it was the lot of this friendship to be of brief continuance—insidious disease was consuming this youth of so fair promise—and Mr. Chalmers would frequently go over to his room, and sit with his manuscript in his hand by his bedside, in order that from that scene of early decay, he might learn with a new solemnity to bid his people ‘prepare to meet God.’ In the spring of 1816, he was called to bury his beloved friend, so early lost, so much deplored; ‘successive floods of tenderness’ followed this bereavement, and he seemed drawn nearer to it, and almost ready to depart to that supreme felicity of which his friend was for ever to partake. This little history is a most valuable episode in the life of this illustrious man—a jewel set alone in the midst of refined gold. It is an attribute of exalted genius, that it is magnanimous even in trifles—nothing is beneath its notice—nothing too barren for its instruction—nothing too minute for its eagle eye. John Milton catches fresh inspiration from a familiar melody; Newton leaves his starry pathway, to gambol with a child; Heyne, who, in his classic lore was ‘more an antique Roman than’ a modern citizen, found an exquisite pleasure among his profusion of roses—and Chalmers, the venerated preacher, the impassioned orator, the full-souled son of science, is seen, manuscript in hand, tending by the sick-couch of one worn by long-suffering, and whose service for this world is done. Until 1816, he was employed in the routine of parish labours, occasionally writing for the ‘Edinburgh’ and ‘Eclectic Reviews,’ and debating in the General Assembly. In this year, the University of Glasgow conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him, and his reputation, as one of the leading minds of Scotland, was firmly established. The following extract may give some idea of the extreme popularity he had reached, on the first delivery of the ‘Astronomical Discourses:’—

‘He had presented to his hearers a sketch of the recent discoveries of astronomy—distinct in outline, and drawn with all the ease of one who was himself a master in the science; yet gorgeously magnificent in many of its details, displaying amid “the brilliant glow of a blazing eloquence,” the sublime poetry of the heavens. In his subsequent discourses, Dr. Chalmers proposed to discuss the argument, or rather prejudice, which grounds itself on the vastness and variety of those unnumbered worlds which lie scattered over the immeasurable fields of space. This discussion occupied all the Thursday services allotted to him during the year 1816. The spectacle which presented itself in the Trongate upon the day of the delivery of each new astronomical discourse was a singular one. Long ere the bell began to toll, a stream of people might be seen pouring through the passage which led into the Tron Church. Across the street, and immediately opposite to this

passage, was the old reading-room, where all the old Glasgow merchants met. So soon, however, as the gathering quickening stream upon the opposite side of the street gave the accustomed warning, out flowed the occupants of the coffee-room; the pages of the "Herald" or the "Courier" were for a while forsaken, and during two of the best business hours of the day, the old reading-room wore a strange aspect of desolation. The busiest merchants of the city were wont indeed upon those memorable days to leave their desks, and kind masters allowed their clerks and apprentices to follow their example.'—Vol. ii. pp. 87, 88.

In the following January, the 'Astronomical Discourses' were published. Within the year, nine editions, comprising nearly twenty thousand copies, were in circulation. Hazlitt said they were to be found throughout the country; so that in the orchard of a little inn at Burford Bridge, near Boxhill, he met with and read the singularly magnificent book. Canning, when he had read them, became 'entirely converted to admiration of Chalmers.' After the publication of these discourses, Dr. Chalmers visited England, where he made the acquaintance of Foster, Wilberforce, Rowland Hill, and Pye Smith—*clarum et venerabile nomen*. Returning to his parish, he founded local Sabbath-schools, and became, in the noblest meaning of the word, a reformer of the city. To this subject, if the forthcoming volume of the 'Life' enable us, we hope, in some future number, to return.

Thus this great man's labours were continued, with some pleasing interruptions, until the year 1822, when he accepted the chair of Moral Philosophy in the university of St. Andrew's. And here, as our article has extended beyond its due limits, we must take leave of this most interesting history. In reference to the manner in which this biography has been written, we have only to add, that the author has proved himself a worthy Tacitus of so illustrious an Agricola. The work may be characterised as a pleasing narrative, written in an easy style; and though, no doubt, from the papers and manuscripts of his great father-in-law, Dr. Hanna had the amplest materials with which to work, yet he has given abundant proof of his own erudition, judgment, and accurate analysis. Unless we have mistaken them, our author is very far in advance of many of his brethren both in the Free-church and in the Scottish Establishment. We have not anywhere observed, in this tribute to the worth of his kinsman, a single trait of that petty exclusiveness, that offensive attachment to their own sect and its faith and practice, which we have been often pained to observe in the works of some of his order. He seems to breathe a freer air, and to dwell in a kindlier atmosphere, than many we have known. Especially in matters of science, have we been pleased to observe the freshness and healthiness of his opinions. A noble mind is disruptive of the restraints of party; and there is a glorious catholicity among the truly great.

We ought, perhaps, to make objection to the great bulk of these volumes. The tendency of our age is to excess. Our author has fallen into this error. There is not a little in the volumes which might well have been omitted—not that it is worthless, but that it is cumulative. We submit, that it had been wise to have left out of the volumes the various journeyings recorded. They are cumbrous accidents of the work. It was not as a traveller the public wished to relearn of Dr. Chalmers, but as a philosopher and Christian orator. Too much drapery, however beautifully *folded*, takes off from the grace of a statue. However, *we* are quite willing to read, if the public are willing to buy.

We must make serious objection to the *pointing* of these volumes, which is, to the last degree, slovenly and misplaced. With this exception, however, and the error is both *clerical* and venial, we cannot conclude without earnestly commending this record of much of a truly great man's life for the serious perusal of all who make Theology a study, in contemplation of the Christian ministry, and of all who are engaged as pastors and teachers. This 'Life' will be found suggestive of much that is good. Above all, it teaches how irresistible is a hallowed energy, and how triumphant is genius devoted to God. We thank the accomplished author for these happy results of his industry; and when this work is completed, we shall hope to see him gathering fresh laurels from the field of literary fame.

ART. VII.—1. *The Historic Lands of England.* By J. Bernard Burke, Esq. London: Churton.

2. *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, and Episodes of Ancestral Story.* Second Series. By J. Bernard Burke, Esq. London: Churton.

3. *Celebrated Trials connected with the Aristocracy, in the Relations of Private Life.* By Peter Burke, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

It is a significant fact, considering the character of the times, that they who are so versed in all matters touching the nobility and gentry of England, as are the authors of the above-mentioned works, should have felt nothing like a shrinking delicacy, or nervous apprehension, in presenting to special gaze and inspection, the class which, conventionally speaking, we call the

aristocracy. Necessarily indebted, as writers on such subjects must be, for much of their original information to individuals more or less directly connected with the class intended to be described, it would have been no matter of surprise or blame if we should, here and there, have discovered signs of discreet obliviousness and forbearance. But, on the whole, our authors have shown no undue timidity. They cannot have forgotten that, possessing and exercising, as we do, in this happy country, the inestimable right of the liberty of the press, not only their own works, but the somewhat envied class that forms the subject of them, would be open to the most free and independent scrutiny and comment. With all their faults, the aristocracy are treated as they are, and have been. While, in the beautiful 'library' work, so aptly styled 'The Historic Lands of England,' Mr. Bernard Burke has, in his graphic pictures of the residences of our 'mighty dead,' reminded us—but with naught of obtrusive boastfulness—of the famous deeds of gallantry, patriotism, and public virtue, which are the constituent elements of the glory of our common country, his learned brother, Mr. Peter Burke, has felt that, with candid judges, he could do no injustice to the aristocracy, as a class, by publishing a provokingly interesting and readable volume, detailing, minutely, the *facinora* of some particular individuals.

The 'Anecdotes of the Aristocracy'—we speak more especially of the Second Series—are judiciously selected and well told. Incidents in themselves extremely interesting, but which hitherto have, perhaps, been somewhat overlaid by their connexion with the facts of elaborated history, are, in these agreeable volumes, brought out into scenic relief. The work may be described as a small, well-selected gallery of pictures, correctly entitled according to the subjects, and arranged in their proper relative position. We thus have the 'lights and shadows' of aristocratic life.

We do not pretend to concur in all the sentiments, political or politico-religious, either with regard to facts or individuals, which incidentally occur in these works. But, on the whole, we think that the authors have written, not only without betraying party bigotry or prejudice, but with the moderation and impartiality which are demanded of all professed narrators of history. Leaving them, then, to the favourable estimation of the reading public—as we think we may confidently do—we avail ourselves of this occasion of alluding to their works, to submit some brief general remarks on the subject of the aristocracy.

If we refer to the two words of which the Greek word *ἀριστοκρατία* is compounded, it appears that the elementary ideas or qualities which it imports, are *goodness* or excellence, to a super-

lative extent, in the moral, social, and general sense of the terms, and successful and dominant *power*. And, in the course of time necessary for any considerable or complete development of language, the two ideas would become, as a consequence of the facts of social history, so interfused the one in the other, that they would be liable, especially in days when nice moral distinctions were not characteristically strong in the public mind, to be unduly confounded. Superior moral virtue and intelligence are in themselves right and good. These qualities, called into action for the resistance of wrong, in the face of personal danger, or at the risk of life, would be bravery; the successful exertion of this would lead to power—power to rule or dominance. All these would thus gradually come to be considered as partaking of the original or primal quality of goodness. Homer uses the word *ἄριστος* in the sense of the *best*, bravest, noblest, though it has been doubted whether the plural word, *ἄριστοι*, was used to signify chiefs or nobles, as if mere birth or relative social station were *necessarily* indicative of the true ideal, *best*. Some Greek writers, in referring to an *ideal* constitution, have used the word *ἀριστοκρατία* in the sense of the rule of the *best*, strictly so called, as opposed to *ὀλιγαρχία*. A similar distinction, as to the use or acceptation of the word *aristocracy*, has naturally obtained in the languages of civilized nations. The word has thus a general and a specific application. In the former and more ideal sense of the term, aristocracy has been something that has been held in due admiration and honour. Individuals whose character and position have brought them within the limits of what has been implied in the idea, have, speaking generally, so far from being envied, unpopular, or disliked, been the social and political favourites of the people. It has been only when, from the corruption of the times, the dominancy of mere brute force, and the relative weakness or ignoble servility of the mass of the population, a selfish, designing *oligarchy* has been able to hold a country in undue subjection, that the word aristocracy, as well as the thing which it then implied, became justly odious to all the sincere friends of social and political freedom.

The commonly accepted sense, however, of the word aristocracy, is that which has been given by our own English lexicographers—‘that form of *government* which places the *supreme power* in the *nobles*.’ Here, a superior class or *caste* is supposed to exist, to whom has been given, or who have socially usurped, the name and position of the nobles; and the *dominant* rule of this body forms that political aristocracy or oligarchy of which the ardent lovers of liberty, in the brightest periods of history, have been so naturally and worthily jealous.

We need but refer, by way of exemplification, to the interesting tale of the long and patriotic struggles of the plebeian order against the unyielding pride and haughty tyranny of the patricians of Rome, terminating, as it did, in a period of comparative liberty and consequent political grandeur and prosperity.

We have said enough to show that we are no friends to a political aristocracy. On the contrary, we hold that the influential, if not the formal and organical, *dominance*, should be with the people, nationally so considered, inclusive, of course, of the aristocratic classes. In this sense, we approve of democracy, not only in preference to, but to the exclusion of, any other *dominant* form of government, monarchical or aristocratic. We maintain, in this respect, most heartily the doctrines of Somers, of Locke, and of Charles James Fox, that political power can rightfully only come from, or be delegated by, the people; and that in them, of right, is deposited original and ultimate sovereignty in every state that is, or deserves to call itself—free.

It may, therefore, well be maintained, that aristocracy never was, and is not now, *the legal and rightful* form of government in this country. Whenever, in effect, the aristocracy have been unduly powerful among us, much more when they have been dominant, it has been by usurpation, and not of right. While this has been the case, we have not had the practical enjoyment of the British constitution, as it has been described and eulogized by our most learned, as well as most patriotic statesmen, lawyers, and historians. The country, in such a case, is suffering under injustice and wrong. If it should be, that we are, even now, practically so situated, we shall be unworthy of our illustrious fathers, and forfeit all claim to the character of patriots, if we do not speedily and thoroughly redress the evil, and take good security for the future, that the balance of political power shall never again be against the people.

The immortal Locke, in speaking of the right of the people, in case of a dissolution of one form of government, 'to provide for themselves by electing a new legislative different from the other,' seems to have been jealous lest it might be supposed that he here intended only to assert a simple truism resulting from the mere necessity of the case. To prevent this misconception, he adds this noble passage—'But the state of mankind is not so miserable that they are not capable of using this remedy till it be too late to look for any. To tell people they may provide for themselves by erecting a new legislative, when by oppression, *artifice*, or being delivered over to a foreign power, their old is gone, is only to tell them they may expect relief when it is too late, and the evil is past cure. This is in effect

no more than to bid them first be slaves, and then to take care of their liberty; and when their chains are on, tell them they may act like freemen. This, if barely so, is rather mockery than relief; and men can never be secure from tyranny, if there be no means to escape it till they are perfectly under it; and therefore it is that they have not only a *right* to get out of it, *but to prevent it.*"*

The general structure and fundamental principle of our constitution, as consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, we still think to be sound and good; and we have so much faith in the ultimately prevailing intelligence and patriotism of our countrymen—not altogether excluding, in this respect, the aristocracy so-called, itself—that we cannot but cherish the hope and belief, that the true theory of the constitution is not only capable of being reduced into practice, but that it may, ere very long, become a happy reality. We were glad to see, according to the report of the speech of that veteran reformer, Mr. Hume, at a late meeting of the National Reform Association, that he gave the sanction of his patriotic name in favour of a similar sentiment. Yet it must be frankly admitted, that we have been a long time in arriving within a visible distance of a realization so devoutly to be wished. It has been the fashion to describe the British constitution as a wisely-adjusted system of mutual *checks*, resulting in a conservative and salutary balance of forces, characteristically varied, if not essentially opponent. There is, no doubt, some truth in this notion, as descriptive of the actual operation and result of facts and events, occurring in connexion with certain memorable passages of our history. But we are inclined to think that this doctrine of checks, considered as a constitutional theory, has worked more harm than good. It became, as it were, a matter of course, that with regard to certain great questions of national policy, particularly any legislative measures designed to promote political improvement, the opinions and wishes of the people, as expressed, more generally, on the hustings and in the press, or more formally, by the Lower House of Parliament, should, in the first instance, at least, be opposed. Many a trimming, hesitating politician, who more than half saw the propriety of certain popular demands, satisfied his official or parliamentary conscience, by reflecting, and perhaps saying, that, at any rate, the principle of the constitutional check must be allowed its full time to operate. The real meaning of this among interested statesmen naturally enough came to be, that whatever does not, at first sight, seem acceptable to those holding the aristocratic checking power, might be opposed,

* Locke on Government, chapter xix.

for a time, irrespectively of the merits of the case, on the principle of acting upon a well-known and recognised constitutional theory. The theory should have been, not that of checks produced by presumably opposite and contending forces, but that of due provision and security for full legislative deliberation. No doubt, any degree of continuous deliberation and discussion, as exercised by different assemblies or estates, would be perfectly futile and useless, unless it should carry along with it the practical power of a legislative *voló* or veto. Still, a wrong or illogical theory has an inevitable tendency to wrong practice. It would be the necessary result of this doctrine, that whichever of the separate checking powers should, for the time, possess the greatest influence, it would make use of the doctrine as the justification or excuse of its own party, and of its selfish tenacity of ascendancy. Nor is this applicable merely to the monarchical or aristocratic forms of check. We admit that in the democratic department of our legislature, the nation, not as the result of any very willing concessions on the part of the monarchs or the oligarchy, but as the reward of much earnest and patriotic struggling, has placed a power—which has been in some cases most effective—of checking and neutralizing the political wrong-doing both of the executive and the lords. The not-to-be-found purses and the closely buttoned-up pockets of an overburdened and overtaxed people have, not seldom, put designing statesmen into a fix, in which they have been brought to something like reason. But the practical power of exercising, effectually, and on all necessary occasions, this popular check, has not been, and is not a reality. The theory has only occasionally been found practicable. The plain reason of this is, that the House of Commons does not fully and fairly represent the people. The doctrine of checks, viewed as a philosophical political theory, must assume that the different checking powers, so-called, have *really* the *power of check* which the theory attributes. If this were not the case, the theory would, as it has been among us, especially of late, nothing better than “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.” If, for instance, the lords, aided by their special political friends, from their great wealth, social influence, and corrupt borough usurpation, should have been able to make the so-called House of Commons a secretly-moved puppet of its own, why, it is quite clear that, practically speaking, that House would, in so far, be but a check in name.

Now, after admitting the valuable cases of exception which have occurred in our history, in which the democratic check has been successfully applied, we think we shall not be substantially wrong in saying, that our system of legislation and government, practically considered, has been, and still wrongfully is, that of

a *political oligarchy*, and that the people of England are, at this moment, cheated of their right to advancing political power and influence, by a great and unpatriotic scheme of aristocratic '*artifice*.'

This fact, as we consider it to be, is attempted to be veiled from the eyes of the nation by another and more modern constitutional theory or doctrine, which we will call that of the *interfusion of political classes*. Lord John Russell, in a debate of last session, in reply to some observations of that able and patriotic man, Mr. Bright, indicating his opinion of the existence of an undue power in the aristocracy, described the operation of this principle, and used it as a sort of argument intended to meet that of the honourable member. Though it struck us as being irrelevant for that purpose, yet there was, no doubt, much of historical truth in the remarks of the noble lord considered as descriptive of facts. The eldest sons of peers are commoners. The poorest boy may live to be Lord Chancellor, or Admiral of the Fleet. So far as these or similar circumstances have really counteracted or qualified the extent of aristocratic or oligarchic *dominance*, they must be admitted to have been valuable qualifying elements in the working of our constitution. The recollection of ancient deeds of gallantry and patriotism achieved by individuals of the nobility or of the aristocratic classes, has, from generation to generation, had a moral effect upon the mind of the people, which has been the true conservative element of the aristocracy, considered as a separate branch of the constitution. The precious rights and liberties asserted in Magna Charta were renewed and confirmed in consequence of the determined interference of the freedom-loving barons of 'the brave days of old.' The people never have forgotten this; and they will never suffer it to go out of their memory, or that of their children. Even John Hampden, and others not formally ennobled, may not unfairly be claimed as belonging to the social order of the aristocracy. Lord William Russell's name is a household word of pride and delight in all the homes of England. After having thus enthusiastically admitted the value and significance of these historical facts in favour of the aristocracy, we must be allowed to say, nevertheless, that we think that they have taken their full change out of all this sort of thing. Mere *prestige*, however justly acquired, will not do in these matter-of-fact times. We must have a system of reality.

Let us now briefly refer to some illustrations in confirmation of the fact of the undue aristocratic rule still existing in this country, and suggesting the general nature of the remedy.

It is not necessary for our argument, that we should contend that the governing oligarchy, of which we speak, is such,

directly ; nor that it is *permanently absolute* in its power. We are, of course, quite aware that the operation of public opinion, as expressed at popular meetings and in the press, is, ultimately, all-conquering. Great political questions have advanced, and great measures in favour of civil and religious liberty have been passed, in spite of the real and sincere feelings of the aristocracy. Distinguished members of this class have even themselves been the able instruments or agents of carrying into effect the popular and national will. Giving them, on this account, full credit for as much of good and patriotic motive as was consistent with the retention of their ordinary relative ascendancy, as a class, we think that, after all, they may be said to be, in effect, and generally, dominant. The aristocracy becomes, by degrees, more popularized and liberal, even in its own ideas and feelings. It is not a stolid, unchangeable, unimprovable class, for it forms a most important and useful portion of the subjects of a great and enlightened country. Still, relatively, it sustains its general political ascendancy, not, we say, as of right, but—to use again Locke's expressive phrase—by 'artifice.'

Our first point in illustration and proof of the position is, that the Reform Act has been, to a great and unexpected extent, a failure. It has not accomplished the professed objects of its authors. We shall never forget that forcible part of Lord John Russell's speech, on the occasion of his memorable and patriotic introduction of that great and wise, though deficient, measure, in which he argues and demonstrates, that for the House of Commons to become what, according to the true theory of the constitution, it was intended to be, *nomination*, as distinct from free, uncorrupt, and *bonâ fide* election, ought no longer to be allowed. It was the whole of his case that such unconstitutional nomination did then exist, and that it must and should be destroyed. Without incumbering ourselves with needless statistical proofs—the thing is so patent—we say that nomination, that is, indirect and unconstitutional interference against the free, uncorrupt, and independent exercise of the electoral franchise, *has not been destroyed*. It exists, and all but triumphs. If we may be permitted to personify this vicious principle, we would say that, like a mocking demon, it holds up the Reform Act in the very eyes of the people, and grins, and laughs, and babbles of 'reform,' and then says, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

Now, we have no desire to speak otherwise than respectfully of the personal motives and intentions of individuals, while we are commenting on their public acts ; but we must honestly say that, looking at the manner in which the Whigs have treated *all* the recent propositions for an extended electoral franchise, and other projects for parliamentary reform, they have, we fear, politically

speaking, broken faith with the nation. It has been the fashion, in certain Whig circles, to treat the Reform Act as a sort of *avowed* compromise between the aristocracy and the people. We deny it. The Reform *Bill* never passed. The Reform *Act* contains the insidious Chandos clause and the unwise saving clause in favour of the corrupt freemen of the boroughs. The Reform ministry opposed both of these—perhaps somewhat coyly—for they made Squire Western, of Essex, the seconder of the landlord trick, a peer! We are aware, and we regret, that several liberals, for whose motives we entertain all due respect, voted in favour of both these effectively damaging and ruinous clauses. Still, so far as the Ministers who were the authors of the Reform Bill are concerned, the bill, in these respects, passed, in the Commons at least, *under protest*. Surely, then, if now, after twenty long years, it be found that the *operation* of the Act, principally by virtue of the insidious clauses not originally in the bill, has been to perpetuate, in other forms, the much-decried practice of nomination, it would seem to be a very obvious and straightforward corollary, that it is not only not objectionable that the Whigs, as a party, should introduce new and thoroughly efficient measures of reform, but that to do this, is their *fairly implied and immediately pressing public duty*.

Then, again, as an illustration of our point, only just look at the construction, the *personnel*, of the present Whig cabinet. We feel the less delicacy in adverting to this, because it fortunately so happens that, in alluding to them as a body, we can speak in terms consistent with the sincere respect which we entertain for them individually. But, politically viewed, we cannot but think that they are too much of a clique. Without needlessly specifying names, we must say that they are too much like a political family party, and one consisting mainly, not merely of ἀριστοι, but of ἀριστῆες. Such a construction of a cabinet *must* lead to undue nepotism and selfishness of patronage. The nation is beginning to wonder that the mere sense of personal pride and delicacy, on the part of personages so thorough-bred as noblemen and gentlemen, should not have had something like a controlling effect. Admitting that individuals appointed to offices of emolument and honour may not, of themselves, be incapable of their service, or unworthy of promotion, still, there are others, alike capable and worthy, who have sprung from, and belong, in a characteristic and understandable sense, to the people. The recent appointment of the Lord Chancellor ought, however, to be mentioned to the great honour of the Government. He was, originally, and, in spirit and feeling, always has been, one of the people. He has been a hard-working, learned lawyer, and, as a senator, an ardent and

eloquent friend and advocate of the ever-sacred, and now much imperilled, cause of civil and religious liberty. If an additional motive, beyond that arising out of these facts, for making this appointment, existed in the alliance which his lordship has formed with the daughter of the truly royal, and patriotic Duke of SUSSEX, the high distinction now bestowed will be, more than from any other cause, acceptable to a generous and grateful nation.

It was our intention to refer to several other facts, as illustrating our position, but we must reserve ourselves perhaps for another opportunity.

We should have alluded, in terms of kindly warning, to the pampered existence and enormous abuses of our semi-papal Established Church—the unworthy, and now evidently *dangerous*, exclusiveness of the two so-called National Universities—the unequal, anti-popular character, and the oppressive amount, of our gigantic system of aristocratic taxation—the almost insulting tone and temper of several of our ruling statesmen in their treatment of great public questions, and of the zealous, faithful, and disinterested friends of the popular cause, both in and out of the House—the ominous increase and extension of judicial and magisterial patronage, tending, if not to destroy, at least very much to endanger, the lofty and independent spirit of the bar—and last, though not least, to the scarcely gradual, but sly, development of a most insidious scheme of governmental *centralization*, interfering, officiously, obtrusively, and wrongfully, with our social and corporate rights and liberties, usurping, by the help of pseudo-liberals, power even over the education of the people, and assuming the management and control of some of our most homely affairs. We know, very well, what will be pleaded in reply to much of what we have just said; as that the public have no right to breed poisonous infection and create and diffuse the pestilence of cholera; that dead men's bones must not be shovelled up into our back parlours; that the State having the right to hang has the right and duty to educate. To all this we answer, in general, that the question arising in this class of cases, is not, as to whether the government and the legislature have a right, and even an obligation, to take *appropriate* preventive measures to secure the public health, and provide for other matters really coming within the legitimate province of civil government, but whether, under *plausible utilitarian pretences*, the State, by means of its multitudinous agents, scattered all over this free and happy land, is to become, in effect, the overseer and manager of our social and private affairs, from the cradle to the grave.

In no unkindly spirit, then, we warn the aristocracy. We

implore them to observe and ponder the unmistakable signs of the times. There are deep-thinking, moderate-minded men, who are of opinion, that unless, *almost immediately*, bold and masterly measures of organic reform be introduced and carried—measures avowedly intended to give a full and fair share of electoral power to the great masses of the people—the venerable form and much-lauded structure of our constitution will be endangered, if not destroyed. The people are a queen-loving people; and they have no malign prejudice against lords, if they can but have, along with them, their rightful share of liberty, and political influence, and power. They have as regards ecclesiastical matters, been for some time past slumbering, but now that they have clearly found out, to their actual annoyance, what is the *real* character of *priestism*, whether in or out of the English Established Church, they are thoroughly awake, upon their feet, erect, and ready for most effective resistance. We hope this will be wisely made, and that it will leave uninjured, with regard to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, the ever-sacred principle of religious liberty. They who have most reason to complain of the Pope and the new Thomas à Becket, are, as we think, the numerous loyal subjects of her Majesty—the Roman Catholic laity. What is now taking place among this mighty people, in vindication—as they consider it—of our national liberty and independence, against a prideful power that is acting as a foreign political foe, may be but a fearful foreshadowing of what the nation will feel and do, when it has thoroughly discovered and felt the full effect of an oligarchical government by ‘artifice.’

- ART. VIII.—1. *Letters Apostolical of Pope Pius the Ninth, establishing the Episcopal Hierarchy in England.* London. 1850.
2. *The Pastoral of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.* London. 1850.
3. *Charge delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 2nd of November, 1850, by the Lord Bishop of London, at his Sixth Visitation of the Clergy of the Diocese.* London. 1850.
4. *The Roar of the Lion. A Discourse in reference to the recent Measure of the Church of Rome.* By A. J. Morris. London: Ward and Co. 1850.
5. *No Popery! The Cry Examined.* By Edward Swaine. Fifth Edition. Jackson and Walford. 1850.
6. *The Dissenters and the Papacy.* By Thomas Binney.
7. *Sacramental Religion subversive of Vital Christianity.* Two Sermons, preached at Bloomsbury Chapel, on Sunday, Nov. 3, 1850. By the Rev. William Brock. London: H. K. Lewis.
8. *The Romish Hierarchy in England.* A Sermon, preached at Devonshire-square Chapel, on the 3rd of November, 1850. By the Rev. John Howard Hinton, M.A. London: Houlston and Stoneman.
9. *The Pope and the Prelates.* By Edward Miall. Seventieth Thousand.
10. *An Appeal to the Reason and Good Feeling of the English People, on the Subject of the Catholic Hierarchy.* By Cardinal Wiseman. London: Richardson and Son. 1850.
11. *Romish Sacraments and the Confessional, as taught and practised in the English Church, and the Duty of the Church at the present Crisis. Two Sermons.* By the Rev. H. Hughes, M.A., Perpetual Curate of All Saints, St. Pancras. London: F. and J. Rivington. 1850.

THERE occur in the history of nations certain critical epochs, the right understanding and use of which inaugurate a fresh and a higher career, while their misinterpretation and neglect has ever entailed the ruin foretold to those who 'have not known the day of their visitation.' Such an epoch was that of the Reformation in the sixteenth century. The crimes of Papal Christendom had become so flagrant and so universal, as to cry to heaven for vengeance and to all mankind for their extirpation. Amidst those darkest ages that preceded the dawn, the habitual practices of the Papacy and the clergy were such as the pen of history itself

seems to shrink from recording. They resembled less the ordinary depravity of man than the malignity of hell itself—the riot of a trinity of fiends, Moloch and Mammon, and a nameless and shapeless horror, the demon of maddened lust. To the use that was made of that epoch, when the intellect and the moral sense of men seemed to awake together from the torpor of ages, we owe all the civilization, all the liberty, and all the true religion existing in the world.

From that date commenced the operation of a series of new causes, which have at length precipitated another crisis scarcely less important than the first. Not only has the Papacy, the arch-enemy of religious freedom, mortally smitten, but not entirely subdued, aimed its shafts, as it retreated, against its invaders, but the self-same causes which had for so many ages enthroned the ‘man of sin’ were still in operation, though in the bosom of a purer church. The standing evidence of the fall of man, the ‘irreparable reproach’ of his intellect and his heart, has evermore been the sin of idolatry. For this, no shapeless logs and no grotesque images are necessary. Its essential virus consists in that debasing tendency to materialize spiritual things under the influence of which *anything* is interposed between the Creator and the worshipping mind of the creature;—an obstacle which, from the very constitution of the human mind, soon becomes the substitute for the greater but remoter object. In the lowest condition of human society, the grandest phenomena of nature or the most rudimental productions of art furnish that substitute. But as the progress of civilization multiplies the phases of character and the objects of taste and pursuit, the aspects of this idolatry become proportionately varied. Still whether the substituted creature be the reptile of Egypt or the monster of the East, the virgin, the angel, or the saint, the eucharistic element or the laver of baptism, or even the ideal chain of pontifical succession, and the equally ideal influence transmitted along it; in each and all cases, the substitution itself is destructive of all religion, both in its theory and its operation; and that antagonism is perhaps less malignant in the coarser forms of barbarism than in the more soul-pervading refinement of modern superstition.

Unhappily, the reformation of the Romish religion in this country was from the first so imperfect as to open a wide field for the cultivation of this noxious principle, the seeds of which had been intentionally and abundantly left in the soil. The first and most mischievous of these arrangements, as entailing and involving the rest, was the connecting the power of the State, in the person of the monarch, with any system of religious belief. In this fatal step the dark policy of the Romish Church

was but too faithfully imitated. Indeed, it must ever be a matter of astonishment that the founders of the Anglican Church should not have been warned by the history of Popes, if not by the instructions of Scripture, against the substitution of any potentate, whether temporal or spiritual, in the place of the great Head of the Church. And, perhaps, it is still more wonderful that the character of Henry the Eighth himself did not appear to them sufficiently inconsistent with the position of the first head of the Protestant Church and the first Defender of the Faith, to allow of such an arrangement being originated in his day. From that moment the nascent religion was hopelessly secularized and corrupted; and with the apostolic model of its constitution, the purity of its first ages, and the prestige of its earliest triumphs, vanished together. Happy if the records of history, confirming the instructions of inspiration, shall at length teach this people that the first step to spiritual prosperity and peace must be the correction of this cardinal and fatal error.

While the Church is, in one of its aspects, a community of persons, it may be regarded in another as the embodiment of a system of doctrines, and hence in placing at its head any human authority whatever, it becomes absolutely necessary to secure its nominal unity by attributing infallibility to that head. Vehemently, therefore, as the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility was opposed by the Reformers, it was manifestly necessary, in constituting a hierarchy at all, to adopt some similar dogma. Hence, by the 37th Article of the Anglican Church, 'the King's Majesty hath the chief power in this realm, unto whom the chief government of all estates in this realm, whether they be ecclesiastical or civil, in all causes does appertain.' So again, according to the 21st Article, 'general councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes;' while to the Church, as thus constituted and ruled, infallibility is broadly ascribed in the 20th Article—'the Church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith.' It is, perhaps, superfluous to expose the fatuity of the notion that this attribution of infallibility is at all qualified by the subsequent clause of the article that 'Yet it is not lawful to ordain anything that is contrary to God's word written,' inasmuch as the authority to decide touching this contrariety lies with the same party which has this authority to decree and ordain. The appeal, therefore, lies from Philip to Philip without any change in his state of ebriety. '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*'

Upon this fundamental approximation to the Papal heresy, the Church of England proceeded to erect so many other correspondences that, as we shall presently show, there remains

between them little more of difference than that which exists in their names, and in the *odium theologicum* of two powerful and rival factions. After secularizing the Church by the enthronement of a temporal head, the next great consideration was to confer an apparent sacredness upon its ministry. It was obvious enough, that as mere nominees of worldly and profligate monarchs, the common sense of the people would cease to regard them as spiritual functionaries at all. To obviate this, the next fiction borrowed from Rome was that most monstrous one of all, the doctrine of apostolical succession. This pretension could only have been originated in an age of dense and prevalent ignorance, inasmuch as it is falsified alike by history, reason, and scripture. It was, that the gifts of the Holy Spirit conferred by the Saviour upon his immediate apostles, were transmitted through Peter to his pretended successor in the bishopric of Rome, and so descended through the whole line of Popes, unimpaired in the purity of its influence by the filthy channels through which it flowed. That in each of these, it was the source and seal of all spiritual functions; that from it all bishops derived their powers, all ministers the validity of their orders, and the world at large every spiritual blessing it enjoys.

That this trumpety figment should have been propagated by the knavish priesthood of Rome is not surprising. It stands in the same category with the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius and the curing of all manner of diseases by the rags, bones, and nailparings of the saints. But it is to the lasting disgrace of the Church of England, that for its own ambitious and unholy purposes it asserted a dogma, which, as is well known to every man of ordinary intelligence, is without the smallest iota of historical support. Still more must we lament that there are to be found dignitaries of that Church in the present day, who so far reckon upon and abuse the blind ignorance of their flocks, as to reassert the absurdity, and to debase the high pedigree of the ministerial office, by tracing it, not to the source which was common to those 'of whom the world was not worthy,' but to the direct and sovereign transmission of those tyrants and debauchees who were not worthy of the world.*

To give a seeming consistency to this utterly baseless system, the ministers of both churches have been invested with the character of a priesthood. The right administration of all the ordinances of the Christian Church has, under both hierarchies, been confined to them; and, if a circumstantial difference has been effected subsequently to the Reformation, it is one which, on the

* See the protest drawn up by the Bishop of Oxford, and adopted by the assembled clergy of that diocese, on the 21st ult., in which this doctrine is broadly maintained as the basis of the validity of their orders.

principle that the exception proves the rule, only makes the more evident the fundamental identity of the Churches. For while the elder community boldly maintains that the intention of the priest himself, of what creed or character soever he may be, is essential to the reception of benefit from the ordinances of Christ, the Anglican Church feels it necessary to lay down the principle, that, inasmuch 'as the wicked have sometimes the chief authority in administering the Sacraments, the effect of Christ's ordinance is not taken away by their wickedness, and that the Sacraments are still effectual, because of Christ's institution and promise, although ministered by evil men.' The comfort which this declaration must have afforded to multitudes of pious but ill-informed members of the Anglican Church is altogether incalculable. But what must we think of the discipline of a Church which deems such a consolation necessary? And what must we think of its doctrine if it is thought requisite to protest, as in a dubious and exceptional case, that the wickedness of faithless hirelings appointed by men more abandoned than themselves, does *not* obstruct the flow of Christ's mercy to his people?

It would have been altogether superfluous to introduce the above negation, had not the Anglican Church still further borrowed from that of Rome the doctrine of sacramental efficacy, and bound it indissolubly to that of apostolical succession. The design of this antichristian and absurd fiction, as utterly unknown to Scripture as the Suttee or the sale of advowsons, must be patent to the most superficial thinker, while its direful effects will never be fathomed by the profoundest student of history and religion.

The subdued, but yet arch-enemy of the Christian religion, certainly never achieved a greater masterpiece of policy, than when he instigated a conclave of nominal priests to decree that practice by which the unconscious world of infants were made the nominal members of the Christian Church, under auspices which they were hereafter taught to believe conferred, through sacerdotal influence, the indefeasible gifts of the Spirit, and privileges of the kingdom, of God. The loftiest ecclesiastical ambition could desire no higher prerogative than this. In the absence of all the graces of the Spirit, alike from the endowers and the endowed, His preternatural gifts were authoritatively taught to have been transmitted from the one to the other, and a holy Church was nominally formed of all that were born of women. Every baptized person thus owed to the priest a commenced salvation; and to the same mystic influence all were taught to confess themselves indebted for all the social advantages and the most sacred relationships of life. Their confirmation and their

marriage, the legitimacy and the salvability of their children, their comfort in sickness, the forgiveness of their sins, their final dismissal to heaven, and the declarative blessing of the Church upon their mortal remains, all this they were taught to owe to an individual who might be religious or profane, virtuous or vicious, an atheist or a believer, provided he constituted a link in that magic chain, by which a whole priesthood was fabulously connected with the great Source of spiritual life. Let this idea pervade, and even rankle in the bosom of every reader. For this is not the error of a dark antiquity, nor the heresy of Papal Christendom. It daily lives and operates in our midst. This foul conspiracy against the religion of the Cross, is not one framed in secret, and sanctified with orgies that shun the light. It affronts the reason and the religious feeling of the present generation, and protrudes its impertinent claims on the Government under which we live. *Senatus hæc intelligit. Consul videt. Hic tamen vivit. Vivit? Immo vero etiam in Senatum venit.*

And here, lest it should be thought impossible that this mystery of iniquity should still work, though intimated by the inspired pen of the Apostle of the Gentiles, we beg to remind our readers that in order to save it as a part of the orthodox creed, the doubt is now thrown, not upon the efficacy of the ordinance of baptism, but upon the nature of regeneration itself. Hence, in the recent charge of the Bishop of London, we find the following language:—

‘A question may properly be raised as to the sense in which the term regeneration was used in the early Church and by our own Reformers; but that regeneration does actually take place in baptism is most undoubtedly the doctrine of the English Church; and I do not understand how any clergyman who uses the office for baptism, which he has bound himself to use, and which he cannot alter nor mutilate without a breach of God’s faith, can deny that, in some sense or other, baptism is indeed “the laver of regeneration.”’

‘It was argued by Mr. Gorham’s counsel that the “Book of Common Prayer” is to be considered simply as a guide to devotion, not as defining any doctrine; but it appears to me to be a perfectly inadmissible supposition, that, in a solemn act of devotion, and especially in the celebration of a sacrament, any point of doctrine should be embodied as a certain and acknowledged truth about which the Church entertains any doubt. This would surely be nothing short of addressing the Author of Truth in the language of falsehood. On the contrary, the assumption of a doctrine as true, in a prescribed form of prayer or thanksgiving to God, is, in fact, the most solemn and positive assertion of that doctrine which can possibly be made.

‘The precise nature and extent of the spiritual change which takes place in baptism the Church has no further defined than by the general assertion that it is a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness.

and that every person rightly baptized is made thereby a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. This change is otherwise expressed by the single word "regeneration."

'I suppose that few amongst us will be found to deny that all who receive baptism worthily are, in some sense of the term, therein regenerated. The Church declares in very general and positive language of all who, having been duly baptized, are afterwards brought to be confirmed, that Almighty God has vouchsafed to regenerate them by water and the Holy Ghost, and has given them forgiveness of all their sins. But this declaration, it is said, is to be restricted to such as have received baptism worthily; and this raises the question whether *all* infants may receive baptism worthily. What is the *obex* or bar which in any case disqualifies an infant for the reception of that sacrament? Actual sin it cannot be. Original sin, or inherited sinfulness of nature, is the only bar which can be imagined. But to remedy the consequences of this original sin is the very object of baptism. It is therefore so far from being a bar to the reception of that sacrament that it is the very reason for its administration.'

We confess that we cannot read such statements as these without astonishment. To save the ridiculous Popish figment of sacramental efficacy, the bishop is willing to throw into the billows of doubt and discussion the fundamental doctrine of regeneration itself! Indeed, we have no hesitation in declaring our conviction, that if the Bishop of London's charge be conceded as the premises, every essential doctrine of Popery may be established by the fairest deduction. Nor are we less surprised at the total ignorance of religious truth, and the want of sympathy with the very elements of the Christian religion, which is exhibited throughout this charge. We quote the following words in illustration of our meaning:—'It has been well observed that the supposition of prevenient grace in the case of infants only shifts the difficulty one step backward; for if infants be not qualified to receive *baptismal grace*, how can they be qualified to receive prevenient grace? If their being born in sin unfits them for the one, so must it for the other.' Can two grosser errors be imagined than are involved in this sentence—the one in the term '*baptismal grace*,' and the other in the notion that the direct intention of the Divine Being to bestow spiritual blessing may be absolutely frustrated by certain conditions of the individual which disqualify him for its reception.

After laying down in such unqualified terms the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, the Bishop of London, somewhat to our surprise, goes about to clear his views from all correspondence with what, in the Romish Church, is called the *opus operatum*:—

'I cannot do better,' he says, 'than quote the words of the present learned Bishop of Bangor, to show what the real difference is, in this respect, between the two churches:—"That baptism is the ordinary

means through which God bestows the grace of regeneration, is a doctrine common to our own Church, and to the Church of Rome. But the point on which our divines insisted, in opposition to the teaching and decrees of that Church, was, that this grace is not communicated to or contained in the element, and from thence transferred to the soul of the recipient: that the outward sign is only instrumental, and the Holy Spirit the efficient cause of regeneration; that it is not the water, but the blood of Christ with which our sins are washed away. That the object of faith in the sacrament of baptism is not any virtue contained in the water, but the promise of God in Christ.”

We must confess our inability to perceive the distinction which the bishop desires to establish. The Romish Church is, we believe, as far as the Protestant Church, from believing that the regeneration is produced by the mere element of water, *per se*; it only considers that the blessing has been divinely connected with its sacramental use. Besides, in the various services of the Anglican Church the element itself is by no means regarded with the indifference which the above language would seem to intimate. Hence we find a prayer to this effect:—‘Sanctify *this water* to the mystical washing away of sin;’ and in the office for the public reception of infants who have been privately baptized, the officiating minister is enjoined to use the following form:—‘Because some things essential to this sacrament may happen to be omitted through fear or haste in such times of extremity, therefore I demand further of you with what *matter* was this child baptized? With what words was this child baptized?’ And on receiving satisfactory replies to these questions he further declares:—‘I certify you, that in this case all is well done, and according unto due order, concerning the baptizing of this child, who being born in original sin and in the wrath of God, is now, by the laver of regeneration in baptism, received into the number of the children of God and heirs of everlasting life.’ We repeat, that between all this and the *opus operatum* of the Romish priest, we can perceive none but a nominal distinction.

The degree in which the two rival hierarchies approximate in the maintenance of this fundamental heresy of sacramental efficacy, will scarcely be credited by those who have not kept pace with modern theological controversy. It is high time that the public mind should be disabused upon this subject, and brought acquainted with the fact, that the very essence of Popery is constantly taught by a vast majority of the Anglican clergy. This has been most ably and seasonably effected by Mr. Brock, in the two discourses which are now before us. We subjoin a few passages illustrative of this, judiciously selected by Mr. Brock from the Oxford Tracts, Nos. 67 and 76.

‘ Our participation of the incarnation, and of the relation of sonship to God, is imparted through baptism, and is not imparted without it.’

‘ Baptism is sin-remitting, sanctifying, and life-giving. Thereby we are justified; and not only accounted righteous, but positively made righteous in the sight of God.’

‘ Not merely is the righteousness of Christ imparted to the baptized, but they are indeed in Christ, by an actual, real, spiritual origin from him, as real and actual as in their origin from Adam.’

‘ At the time of baptism a new nature is divinely communicated, and gracious privileges are especially vouchsafed, in such measure, that those who are clothed with this white garment may, through God’s help, keep their baptism pure and undefiled for the remainder of their lives, *never committing any wilful sin.*’

‘ Complaining of the institution of the English bishopric of Jerusalem, Dr. Pusey writes:—“ It is a sin, and it will lead to the commission of yet greater sin, if any clergyman of the Anglican Church shall attempt to convert, or shall pretend to convert, a person who has been duly baptized into the Greek church. They are already converted and in a state of grace. . . . The Church speaks first and chiefly to persons baptized in infancy, and she is out of her place in converting, or endeavouring to convert, in a Christian country.”’

So in the preface to Tract 67, we read:—

‘ The pardon of baptism is free, full, universal, without any service on our part. The pardon for those who have forfeited their first pardon is slow, gradual, partial; to be humbly waited for, to be secured by humiliation, voluntary affliction, prayer, self-denying bountifulness, and the like. The penitent must regard himself as beginning an irksome and distasteful course, and he must be content to wear the galling chain of doubt, until God shall see it healthful for him to be gradually relieved.’

‘ Sins before baptism were freely forgiven, but sins after baptism are purged away by affliction, yea, through the iron furnace of repentance, and the ancient medicine of bitter suffering.’

Again, in Tract 74, we find the power of the priest, in connexion with the administration of the sacraments, described in the following terms:—

‘ The power of the ministry of God translateth out of darkness into glory; it giveth daily the Holy Ghost; it hath to dispose of that flesh which was given for the life of the world, and that blood which was poured out to redeem souls. *When it poureth malediction upon the heads of the wicked, they perish; when it revoketh the same, they revive.* . . . This requires both a diffused knowledge and great application, to know the qualifications of particular men, and the nature and degrees and sincerity of their repentance, in order to give them a satisfactory answer to their demands, *and to grant or refuse them the several sorts of absolution*, as we think proper, upon an impartial view of their state and condition. . . . A discretionary power is lodged in the priesthood of dispensing the sacraments and of granting to the penitent, and

refusing to the obdurate, the benefit and comfort of absolution. *This power is exercised now by every priest, when he administers, or withholds the sacraments, or pronounces or refuses to pronounce upon an individual the sentence of absolution.*

Let it not be supposed that the views enunciated in the passages above cited, in so far as the doctrine of baptismal regeneration is concerned, are peculiar to the writers of the 'Oxford Tracts.' On the contrary, they are equally sanctioned by men whose names are held in far higher estimation than theirs. The present Bishop of Hereford, for example, in his primary visitation charge, declares that 'Baptismal regeneration is, no doubt, the doctrine of the Church of England, without any reservation or hypothesis; and the present Archbishop of Canterbury has repeatedly recorded the same authoritative judgment. 'The Church,' says his Grace, 'acquaints the people that they were themselves regenerated and made the children of grace by baptism' ('Apostolic Preaching,' p. 163). Nay, he exhorts the clergy never to teach that any special grace is necessary to a man's conversion, declaring that such special grace is altogether unnecessary for those who have been baptized.

The close approximation of the clergy of the Anglican Church to the Romish heresy, is nowhere more manifest than in the views which they have of late been zealously spreading respecting the real presence in the Eucharist. Here, again, as in the case of the notion of baptismal grace, the error has its origin in the Prayer-book. No Papist need wish for a broader statement of the doctrine of the real presence than is found in the following words of the Church Catechism:—'The body and blood of Christ, which are *verily and indeed taken and received* by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.' Until late years, the teaching of these errors was, for the most part, confined to the regular use of the formularies in which they occur. Recently, however, they have been obtruded upon the people from the pulpit and the press, and insisted upon to the fullest extent of their meaning and implication. Hence we have the officiating clergy designated as sacrificing priests; the table as a sacrificial altar, and the elements as the actual flesh and blood of Christ, offered by the priest as a perpetual and valid expiation.

The style of public worship adopted of late by a large number of the nominally Protestant clergy has corresponded in its approximation to the ceremonies of Popery with the doctrines we have thus reviewed. This is a subject of bitter complaint in the recent charge of the Bishop of London.

'A taste has been excited in the people,' says his lordship, 'for forms and observances which has stimulated without satisfying their

appetite, and they have naturally sought for gratification in the Church of Rome. They have been led, step by step, to the very verge of the precipice, and then, to the surprise of their guides, have fallen over. I know that this happened in some instances ; I have no doubt of its having happened in many. Then, with respect to doctrine, what can be better calculated to lead the less learned, or the less thoughtful, members of our Protestant Church, to look with complacency upon the errors which their Church has renounced, and at length to embrace them, than to have books of devotion put into their hands by their own clergyman, in which all but divine honour is paid to the Virgin Mary—a propitiatory virtue is attributed to the Eucharist—the mediation of the saints is spoken of as a probable doctrine—prayer for the dead urged as a positive duty—and a superstitious use of the sign of the cross is recommended as profitable ? Add to this the secret practice of auricular confession, the use of crucifixes and rosaries, the administration of what is termed the sacrament of penance, and it is manifest that they who are taught to believe that such things are compatible with the principles of the English Church, must also believe it to be separated from that of Rome by a faint and almost imperceptible line, and be prepared to pass that line without much fear of incurring the guilt of schism.'

And, again, in speaking of the changes in the mode of worship, to which we are now more particularly referring, his lordship says,—

'These innovations have, in some instances, been carried to such a length as to render the church service almost histrionic. I really cannot characterise by a gentler term the continual changes of posture, the frequent genuflexions, the crossing, the peculiarities of dress, and some of the decorations of churches, to which I allude. They are, after all, a poor imitation of the Roman ceremonial, and furnish, I have no doubt, to the observant members of that Church, a subject, on the one hand, of ridicule, as being a faint and meagre copy of their own gaudy ritual, and, on the other hand, of exultation, as preparing those who take delight in them to seek a fuller gratification of their taste in the Roman communion.'

How the metropolitan clergy could have preserved a decent gravity when listening to these complaints from their diocesan, we find it difficult to conceive. The reply which must have risen to every lip was, 'Thou art the man !' How many years is it since, from the same episcopal throne, the same bishop enjoined upon the same assembly the habit of preaching in the surplice ; the revival of certain prayers which had fallen into disuse ; the placing of flowers on the altar, and of candles, with the sagacious proviso they were never to be lighted ? Nay, how many months is it since the same bishop consecrated the church of St. Barnabas, at Pimlico, without rebuking those 'histrionic' mummeries which are exhibited there in so disgusting a form,

as to induce not only the indignant interruption of the service, but, as was the case on Sunday, the 19th ultimo, riotous proceedings, which necessitated the interference of the police and the civil magistrate. The bishop has been the foremost to lead his flock, step by step, to the very verge of the precipice, and is the first to vociferate his astonishment that they have fallen over. We are not surprised that he is unable to exorcise the spirit that he has raised, nor that his peccant clergy, led astray by his own misdirections, now refuse to obey any of his injunctions, save those which he can enforce in a court of law. This, we say, is not at all surprising to those who have been taught by ecclesiastical history that the corruption of doctrine and discipline is generally simultaneous.

Still, these regrets on the part of Bishop Blomfield do not seem to amount to a genuine repentance. So far from committing himself to a full confession, he still possesses the taste and feelings which have originated so much mischief.

‘I am by no means insensible,’ he says, ‘to the value of the æsthetic principle in the externals of religion; but great caution is requisite not to lay such stress upon that which is material and emblematic as to detract from the importance of that which is purely spiritual;—to substitute, in fact, the mere machinery of religion for the effects which it is intended to produce.’—*Charge*, p. 17.

Without being tempted into a digression from our main purpose, we must pause for a moment to show the connexion between the principle involved in the above sentence and the corruptions alike of doctrine and worship which the foregoing pages are designed to expose. This principle is, in one word, the substitution of *anything* in the place of the truth of Scripture and the free grace of God, in whatever concerns the spiritual interests of men. Thus the Romish Church substitutes its Blessed Lady, and angels, and saints, for the ‘one Mediator between God and man.’ The Romish priest substitutes his pedigree and his orders, his crucifixes, his vestments, and his host, for that real presence of Christ, and that teaching of the Spirit, which are secured by promise to the congregations of the faithful for ever. So, too, the Anglican Churchman substitutes, in theory, his sacramental efficacy, and his apostolic succession, for the grace of God; and practically interposes his music and his architecture, his costumes and genuflexions, before the great Object of spiritual contemplation. This interposition and virtual substitution, whether in abstract doctrine or in religious observance, is the redundant source of superstition and schism;—

‘Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.’

With these views, we have perused with regret a variety of allusions in recent Dissenting publications; and certainly with some surprise the following passage from the otherwise admirable discourse of Mr. Morris, the title of which appears at the head of this article:—

'We (that is, Dissenters), have neglected, to a great extent, to make provision for the whole nature of man. Certain portions of it, and those the most important, have been carefully supplied; but others have been treated with comparative indifference. We have been so afraid of falling into extremes in one direction, that we have fallen into them in another. Because Popery is "the religion of the five senses," we have too often forgotten that man is a creature of sense at all. Because Popery makes an undue and injurious employment of imagination, we have eschewed its service almost wholly in connexion with godliness. The Church of God among us has had little harmony with his works, and grace has been made to look vastly unlike nature. A severe intellectualism, a lofty independence of will, has found sphere and scope; reason and reasoning have had a glorious sway, but the softer, more ethereal things, things artistic and æsthetic, have had but little encouragement. A large class of minds find a great lack in our ecclesiastical provisions. If their taste is not shocked, it is not gratified. This neglect of man's imaginative being gives an unnecessary charm to a system which makes elaborate and profuse provision of all that can please the senses and regale the taste.'

For our own part, we are puritanical enough to think that the religion of the New Testament ignores æsthetics; that all those external appliances which, in worship, appeal simply to the tastes, whether to shock or to regale them, are either obstacles interposed between the worshipper and the Divine Being, or, through the infirmity of the one, the substitutes for the grace of the other. In a word, unless 'the softer, more ethereal things, things artistic and æsthetic,' can be shown to be essential to 'decency and order,' they must be regarded as illegitimate stimulants, and expunged from the category of 'means of grace and things necessary to salvation.'

The gradual approach to the Romish creed and ritual which we have described as having characterised the recent history of the Anglican Church, has, at length, precipitated a crisis. The Pope, cheered by numerous secessions of influential clergymen and laymen from the Church of England* to that of Rome, and probably stimulated by the overheated zeal and ill-founded confidence of the neophytes, has issued a formal bull, dividing England into a number of Catholic episcopal sees, and appointing a Cardinal Archbishop in the person of Dr. Wiseman. The

* We learn from the first of two sermons by the Rev. H. Hughes, M.A., which we have named at the commencement of this paper, that no less than a hundred of the clergy, besides a large number of the laity, have recently seceded to the Church of Rome.

splash with which the wooden king made his advent among the frogs, occasioned no turmoil comparable to that which this unexpected measure has created among the great body of the clergy, and a portion of the laity, of the Anglican Church. Indeed, the present position of the clergy appears to us to be humiliating beyond all precedent, and the conduct to which they are driven in their panic to be proportionately undignified and ridiculous. On the first rumour of the rival hierarchy the more prominent dignitaries of the Church betook themselves to their stalls, and there, like ruminant animals, diligently employed themselves in eating the words of former charges, sermons, and pastoral letters. The spectacle is truly a painful one; and the laborious mastication and spasmodic deglutition, especially where, as in the case of the Bishop of London, there are cartilaginous passages to be disposed of, must be distressing to every humane mind, whose sympathies extend beyond his own grade in the creation. Meanwhile the inferior clergy flock together like sheep in a thunder-storm, each clamorously protesting against the Popish heresies, which none have lately propagated with very contagious zeal, save his own brethren, and perchance himself. In every diocese solemn addresses and elaborate replies are daily passing between the clerical Peachum and the episcopal Lockett; and, what is most extraordinary, without the remotest approach to the admission in the play, 'Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong.'

Let us examine dispassionately both sides of this hierarchical dispute: and we will first advert to the position of the Anglican clergy. We have already noticed the fundamental analogies which subsist between the theological dogmas, as well as the sacerdotal pretences, of the two Churches. We have further briefly observed the rapid approximation of their modes of worship and discipline; and, as many readers doubtless have not opportunity of verifying this conformity of practice for themselves, we will quote, before dismissing this part of the subject, the language of a metropolitan clergyman, to whose discourses we have already cursorily alluded:—

'Look, I ask you, at the state to which our Church, so dear to us all, has been reduced. Romish doctrines taught everywhere. The Bible superseded by tradition. Justification by works, prayers for the dead, purgatory, the Real Presence, the sacrifice of the altar, the Mediation of Mary, insisted on as Catholic truths. Roman Catholic books of devotion, rosaries, and crucifixes, introduced into our churches, and insidiously finding their way into our homes, under the sanction of ministers of religion. Clergymen in this great metropolis, like school-boys playing at Popery, openly performing their miserable imitations of the Romish ceremonial, amidst the derisive applause of the actual adherents of the Papal See. The sacrament of penance commonly

administered by those who have vowed its renunciation. Confessionals set up in every diocese, and confessors, aptly instructed in all the dark mysteries of their art, ready to occupy them. The genuine honesty of our English youth trained to underhand dealing and concealment, under the specious guise of privilege to be enjoyed or duty to be fulfilled. These principles are spread among a large body of the clergy, and are every day gaining ground. So rapidly, indeed, that I fear we are gradually becoming familiarized with error, and that unless the sound portion of our community rises up at once in defence of the truth, as a Church we shall soon cherish it no more; it will perish from among us.—*Hughes's Romish Sacraments, &c.*

Thus have the Anglican clergy been intentionally employed for years in undermining the Protestant faith, and symbolizing with the Papal Church; and now that the latter hierarchy, having listened to the coquetting, and observed the tendency and defalcations of their heretical rival, have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them, the clergy are rending the heavens with their cries, as if all that they held dear and sacred was imperilled. There are one or two significant phases of this agitation which deserve our notice before we proceed to examine the Roman Catholic side of the question.

The first of these is, that the Roman Catholic body are still admitted to constitute a branch of the Christian Church. This the Bishop of London distinctly declares in his reply to the deputation from Sion College. 'It should be remembered,' says his lordship, 'that the Church of Rome is a branch of the Holy Apostolic Church—a corrupt one, I admit; but still a branch.' We would be glad to have explained to us what his lordship means by this; since in his recent charge he designates the doctrines of that Church as 'those superstitions which overlay and stifle the truth, and render the Church, not a blessing, but, in many respects, a *curse to mankind*.' When the doctrine of justification by faith is rejected—when by the mass the Cross of Christ is made of none effect—when pretended saints, and even their fetid relics, are made the object of religious adoration—and when a sinful mortal is worshipped as the mother of God and the Queen of Heaven—what, we beg to ask the Bishop of London, remains in such a system to vindicate its claim to the epithet Holy and Apostolic? and what extent of denial and depravation of the Scriptures would constitute the forfeiture of that claim? Must men blaspheme the Holy Ghost and worship the devil, before they can lose the name of Christians and the odour of sanctity? And are we to believe that up to that point the presence of Christ attends their ministrations and blesses their worship? The solution of this problem is found in the fact that the apostolic character of the Romish

Church must be admitted in order to sustain the validity of Anglican orders, and to sanction the abominations of Anglican practice; and we venture to predict that it will not be long before the public mind of this country is brought to regard as it ought this most absurd and despicable delusion.

Another curious phase of this agitation is the irritation displayed by the Protestant bishops and clergy at the fact that the Pope's bull altogether ignores their existence as a Christian Church. There is something particularly amusing about this. Why, what has been the uniform tone and practice of the Anglican Church towards all British subjects who do not belong to that communion? Simply to ignore their existence. Where is the episcopal charge in which we do not find the Anglican Church referred to as the sole purveyor for the spiritual wants of the people? The only two alternatives to the Anglican Church assumed by the Bishop of London in his recent charge are, 'Popish superstition on the one part, and a wild sectarianism on the other;' and in the same spirit another bishop within the present month has deplored the hireling absenteeism of the clergy, because it leaves their parishes to be ravaged by Romish priests on the one hand, and rabid fanatics on the other. What, we are tempted to ask, has become within the last few weeks of that vast and active and pious portion of our countrymen who originated Christian missions and Sunday-schools—who have translated the Scriptures into almost all the written dialects of the world; and who, through the pulpit and the press, have illustrated every age since the revival of letters by their genius, their learning, and their eloquence? They are ignored by the State-patronized sect as if they had never existed; never sweetened the stagnant pools of Anglicism; never shamed a tyrannical priesthood into respect; never borne a martyr's testimony to the 'Bible, and the Bible alone.' Our prayer is, that the Anglican Church may realize the sweet uses of adversity in drinking to the dregs the cup of their present humiliation.

Another aspect of this agitation must not be passed over. We do not find the clergy for the most part protesting against this movement as an invasion of religious truth, but only as an invasion of the spiritual prerogatives unscripturally attributed to the Sovereign, and to the ecclesiastical prerogatives unscripturally claimed by the Protestant hierarchy. Thus Archdeacon Stevens, addressing the Bishop of Exeter, professes his reliance on the Bishop's 'zeal and activity in defending them against this Popish aggression, in which the Pope did not contend for liberty of religion in this country, but laid claim to territorial jurisdiction by parcelling out the land into dioceses, thus encroaching on his *lordship's jurisdiction*,

and on the privileges of the clergy of the Church ;' and declares his confidence in his lordship's ' exertions to defend the clergy and the rights and privileges of the Church, against the Bishop of Rome.' This narrows the ground of the controversy in a most material and significant manner. We entreat the thoughtful attention of the reader to the Bishop's reply:—

"In common prudence," says his lordship, "they must all be anxious to avoid giving any reasonable ground of offence to the feelings, or even the prejudices of the people. As far as concerned outward observances, the peculiar danger of the times, as well as the prevailing tone of public opinion, called on them most powerfully to avoid being in the number of those in whom offences came, to forbear all unnecessary innovations, especially that worst kind of innovation, the revival of obsolete usages not required by law, which were associated in the minds of the people with the superstitions and corruptions of Rome [murmurs of approbation]. As respected doctrine they should be careful, while they set forth Catholic truth in its full integrity, so to set it forth as it would not seem even to the ill-informed in sacred things—a very numerous class he need not say—to savour at all of the leaven of Rome. Shrink not from asserting sound principles, but guard the assertion of them by pointing out plainly to the people what it was that distinguished them from errors which might border upon Rome. Whether they should in their pulpits deal with matters of controversy between the two Churches was a question which could not be answered in the same way to all. Generally speaking, where Roman error was not endeavouring to insinuate itself, he would advise them to abstain from entering on any such discussion. But where it was insinuating itself they should be cautious to inform themselves well of the points of dispute. Until they were informed, they should beware of crude and hasty disputation, as it would neither tend to the honour of the Church nor to the faith of the people. He directed them to seek the assistance and advice of many of those now present who needed not that exhortation."

After this British Dissenters will be at no loss to see what is the hostile influence against which they have to contend.

We now turn from the complaints of the Anglican to the defence of the Romish Church. This defence we take from the 'Appeal' of Cardinal Wiseman, addressed to the British people at large, and named at the head of this article.

It is unquestionable, that much of the indignation expressed both by the clergy and laity of the Church of England in connexion with what is called the Papal aggression, was excited by the tone of the Pope's bull and of Cardinal Wiseman's 'Pastoral Address.' The British public, unaccustomed to the style of such documents, and startled by the arrogant pretensions they displayed, and the indiscriminate supremacy which they appeared to claim, were blinded to the precise nature of the act which had been committed. Such language as, 'The power ruling the universal church, committed by our Lord Jesus Christ to the

Roman Pontiff in the person of St. Peter,' involved an assumption for which modern society was not prepared; while such terms as were employed by Dr. Wiseman appeared unnecessarily pompous in the inauguration of a slight change in the government of the Romish Church in England. 'The greatest of blessings,' says the Cardinal, 'has just been bestowed upon our country by the restoration of its true Catholic hierarchical government in communion with the see of Peter.' And again, 'England has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament, from which its light had long vanished, and begins now anew its course of regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light, and of vigour.'

In the tumid bluster of such language as this, bishops and clergy, the Lord Chancellor and the lawyers, the Prime Minister and the London aldermen, alike lost sight of the fact, that the powers of the Roman Catholic Church in this country had not received one iota of increase;—that all without its pale were only regarded and treated as they had ever been; and that all this noise was occasioned, not by a cannonade against the British Constitution, but by a mere explosion of squibs and crackers, to celebrate the fact that a few obscure individuals had exchanged the title of vicars apostolic for that of bishops, and had appended to that title the names of certain English towns which do not denominate Protestant Sees. Subsequently, however, Cardinal Wiseman has found it expedient to lower this arrogant tone, and having allowed time to both the secular and the spiritual aristocracy to exhale all their bigotry, and to commit themselves to the grossest absurdities, he has published an appeal to the British people, in which he has submitted them to the most merciless and mortifying exposure. From this document we proceed to gather up the principal charges brought against this measure of the Pope, and the grounds on which Cardinal Wiseman justifies his church from each of them. The general facts appear to be the following:—

'The Catholics have been governed in England by vicars-apostolic, since 1623; that is, by bishops with foreign titles, named by the Pope, and having jurisdiction as his vicars or delegates. In 1688 their number was increased from one to four; in 1840 from four to eight.

'A strong wish has subsequently begun to prevail, on the part of the English Catholics, to change this temporary form of government for the ordinary form, by bishops with local titles, that is, by an ecclesiastical hierarchy. Petitions had been sent for this purpose to the Holy See.

'In 1847 the vicars-apostolic, assembled in London, came to the resolution to depute two of their number to Rome, to petition earnestly in their names for this long-desired boon.

'This petition was based upon the following considerations:—1st,

that the Catholics were still under the pressure of heavy penal laws, and enjoyed no liberty of conscience; 2nd, that all their colleges for ecclesiastical education were situated abroad; 3rd, that the religious orders had no houses in England; 4th, that there was nothing approaching to a parochial division, but that most Catholic places of worship were the private chapels, and their incumbents the chaplains, of noblemen and gentlemen.'

'The Catholic Church in England,' says Cardinal Wiseman, 'had so much expanded and consolidated itself since the Emancipation Act, and its parts had so matured their mutual relations, that it could not be carried on without a full and explicit code. The bishops, it was urged, found themselves perplexed, and their situation full of difficulty, as they earnestly desired to be guarded from arbitrary decisions by fixed rules, and yet had none provided for them.'

'Such was the case submitted to the judgment of the Holy See, fully illustrated with practical applications. A remedy was, therefore, prayed for, and it was suggested that it could only be in one of the two following forms:—

'Either the Holy See must issue another and full constitution, which would supply all wants, but which would be necessarily complicated and voluminous, and, as a special provision, would necessarily be temporary;

'Or, the real and complete code of the Church must be at once extended to the Catholic Church in England, so far as compatible with its social position; and this provision would be final.

'But in order to adopt this second and more natural expedient, one condition was necessary, and that was, the Catholics must have a hierarchy. The canon law is inapplicable under vicars-apostolic; and, besides, many points would have to be synodically adjusted, and, without a metropolitan and suffragans, a provincial synod was out of the question.'—*Appeal*, p. 4.

The first objection noticed by the Cardinal against the appointment of the Romish hierarchy in England is, that it is an invasion of the Queen's supremacy. The fallacy of this charge he demonstrates in very few words.

'In the year 1829,' he says, 'an act was passed, and became law, which is familiarly known as the Catholic Emancipation Act. By this Catholics were freed from all obligation of swearing to, and consequently of acknowledging, the royal ecclesiastical supremacy, and an oath of allegiance was framed peculiarly for them, which excluded all declaration of belief in that principle.

'A Catholic, therefore, before 1829, in the eye of the law, was a person who did not admit the royal supremacy, and therefore was excluded from full enjoyment of civil privileges. A Catholic after 1829, and therefore in 1850, is a person who still continues not to admit the royal supremacy, and nevertheless is admitted to full enjoyment of those privileges.

'The royal supremacy is no more admitted by the Scotch Kirk, by Baptists, Methodists, Quakers, Independents, Presbyterians, Unitarians, and other Dissenters, than by the Catholics. None of these recognise

in the Queen any authority to interfere in their religious concerns, to appoint their ministers for them, or to mark the limits of the separate districts in which authority has to be exercised.'—*Ib.* p. 10.

The second objection lies against the existence of a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England; but this the Cardinal is equally successful in exploding. The validity of what are called holy orders in the Romish Church is notoriously admitted in the Church of England, though, for obvious reasons, the Roman Catholic does not reward this compulsory liberality by returning the compliment. 'If,' observed Lord Lyndhurst, in the House of Lords (April 20, 1846), 'the law allows the doctrines and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church, it should be allowed to be carried on perfectly and properly.'

'Hence,' argues the Cardinal, 'to have told Catholics, "You have perfect religious liberty, but you shall not teach that the Church cannot err; or, you have complete toleration, but you must not presume to believe holy orders to be a sacrament," would have been nugatory and tyrannical.

'Now, holy orders require bishops to administer them, consequently a succession of bishops to keep up a succession of persons in orders.

'Hence the Catholic Church is essentially episcopal; and to say, "You Catholics shall have complete religious toleration, but you shall not have bishops among you to govern you," would have been a complete contradiction in terms—it would have amounted to a total denial of religious toleration.

'When, therefore, emancipation was granted to Catholics, full power was given them to have an episcopate—that is, a body of bishops to rule them in communion with the Pope, the avowed head of their Church.'—*Ib.* p. 13.

'But,' he adds, 'the law did not put on a restriction. There is an axiom in law, "*exclusio unius est admissio alterius*;" that is, if you specifically exclude or deny the use of one particular thing, you thereby admit the lawful use of that which is not denied. The Act of Emancipation forbids any one from assuming or using the style or title of any bishopric or archbishopric of the Established Church in England or Ireland. From this it follows that they are allowed to assume any other titles. The Bishop of London has seen this, and, in his answer to the Chapter of Westminster, acknowledges that the new Catholic bishops cannot be touched by the law as it stands; but he wishes Parliament to be petitioned for a new law, which will narrow the liberty here given us.

'I conclude, therefore,—

'First, that Catholics, by law, had a right to be governed by bishops.

'Secondly, that no law or authority bound them to be for ever governed by vicars-apostolic, and that they were at liberty to have a hierarchy, that is, an archbishop and bishops with local titles, or titles from places in the country.

'Thirdly, that accordingly such titles are not against any law so

long as they are not the actual titles held by the Anglican Hierarchy.'—*Ib.* p. 15.

The third charge is, that a foreign potentate, namely, the Pope, should have presumed to exercise a spiritual jurisdiction in this country. But in this there is nothing new. It is unquestionable that Catholics are permitted by law to maintain the Pope's supremacy in ecclesiastical and religious matters, and one point of that supremacy is, that he alone can constitute a hierarchy or appoint bishops. If, therefore, the Catholics of this country were ever to carry out their ecclesiastical system at all, it could only be through the spiritual authority of the Pope. That this admits of no alternative is clearly shown by Lord John Russell himself, in his speech in the House of Commons, on the 6th of August, 1846:—

'There is,' says his lordship, 'another offence of introducing a bull of the Pope into the country. The question is, whether it is desirable to keep up that, or any other penalty, for such an offence. It does not appear to me, that we can possibly attempt to prevent the introduction of the Pope's bulls into this country. *There are certain bulls of the Pope which are absolutely necessary for the appointment of bishops and pastors belonging to the Roman Catholic Church.* It would be quite impossible to prevent the introduction of such bulls.'—*Hansard*, vol. lxxxviii. p. 362.

The fourth charge universally urged by the Anglican clergy is, that the recent arrangements trench on the prerogative of the Crown. But this the Cardinal clearly shows to resolve itself into a question, of which he has previously and satisfactorily disposed.

'It has been shown that the Pope is permitted by the law of this land to exercise a spiritual jurisdiction over the Roman Catholics in this country. No one for a moment imagines that the Pope, or the Catholics of England, or their bishops, dream that the appointment of the hierarchy can be enforced by law. They believe it to be an act altogether ignored by the law; an act of spiritual jurisdiction only to be enforced upon the consciences of those who acknowledge the Papal supremacy by their conviction and their faith. Can an act,' the Cardinal adds, 'of a subject of her most gracious Majesty, which by law he is perfectly competent to do, be an infringement of her royal prerogative?'—*Appeal*, p. 21.

The fifth charge to which the Cardinal addresses himself is that contained in what we cannot but characterise as the ill-judged letter of Lord John Russell;—that the recent Papal arrangement has been 'insolent and insidious.' This he appears to us successfully to refute, by showing, first, that not only in Ireland had the Catholic hierarchy been recognised, and even royally honoured, but that the same form of ecclesiastical government

had been extended to the greater part of our colonies. Secondly, that the appointment by the British Government of Protestant bishops in foreign and Catholic countries precludes them from condemning a similar course on the part of the Pope with respect to Great Britain: and thirdly, that the declarations of the officers of State, and of the most eminent statesmen in this country, heartily encouraged the recent measures of the Pope. The parliamentary language of Lord John Russell, recorded by the side of his recent letter to the Bishop of Durham, must, we think, occasion extreme mortification both to his lordship and his allies. In the pages of Hansard, that Nemesis of political inconsistency, we find the following unfortunate *debit* against the present Prime Minister:—

‘I believe,’ said his lordship, ‘that we may repeal those disallowing clauses which prevent a Roman Catholic bishop assuming a title held by a bishop of the Established Church. I cannot conceive any good ground for the continuance of this restriction.’—*Hansard*, vol. lxxxii. p. 299.

In whatever light the recent movement of the Papacy may be viewed by the British people and by Dissenters in particular, it surely does not belong to the present Government to assail with hard names a Church which, for their own political purposes, they have for years been fostering, and on whose officers they have conferred distinctions alike gratuitous, illegitimate, and offensive.

It is unnecessary to refer to the considerations on which Cardinal Wiseman defends himself against the sixth and last charge brought by his opponents, founded upon his assumption of the title of Archbishop of Westminster. Of this part of his Appeal we will only say, we do not envy the feelings of the Dean and Chapter under the vitriolic distillation of sarcasm to which the Cardinal most unsparingly, but, we fear, we must add, most justly, subjects them.

The entire Appeal, which we have thus epitomized, we may fairly designate as a masterpiece of controversial exposition, and, as against the Protestant hierarchy, absolutely triumphant. At the same time we cannot but feel surprise both at the boastful comparison which the writer institutes between the social effects produced by the ecclesiastical corporations of the two Churches on the vicinities which surround them, and at the ostentatious humility with which he claims the most squalid and neglected inhabitants of the purlieus of Westminster Abbey as his own peculiar charge, leaving the parks and mansions to the visitation of the Dean and Chapter. The first of these pretensions is surely rather a daring one, unless we are to discredit all testimony, contemporary and historical. The Cardinal seems

to forget that the precinct of St. Peter's is anything but an Arcadia of peaceful innocence and purity, or a Paradise of comfort and content; that ignorance and vice have ever tracked the footsteps of the Papal mission; that the Catholic countries, and even cantons, of Europe are notoriously distinguished for their destitution alike of civilization and religion, and Catholic capitals the lowest sinks of debauchery and impiety. In the 'pride that apes humility' his Eminence is equally unfortunate. It is well known to all that the Romish priesthood only seek the cottage when they are excluded from the mansion; and that when they address themselves to the poor it is not for the purpose of affording intelligent religious instruction, but of gratifying an all-absorbing spiritual ambition, by making themselves the tyrants of the soul, and riveting the chains of sacerdotal despotism.

We now proceed, in conclusion, to indicate the course which, after much reflection, we consider to be binding upon our Dissenting fellow-countrymen; and we will found the advice which we respectfully offer solely on the premises which we trust we have substantiated in the foregoing pages.

And first, we must strongly express our dissent from those of our own body who would represent these recent events as of trifling importance. If, as we are perfectly convinced, it is the large amount of religious error and corruption in doctrine and practice prevalent in the Church of England, which has invited and occasioned these bolder assumptions on the part of Rome, this, of itself, is matter for the most earnest solicitude, and the deepest sorrow. If, again, the minds of the ignorant and unstable are likely to be seduced by the harlotry and covert intrigues of the Romish Church, no considerations of spurious liberalism shall ever withhold us from lifting our voice to warn them of their peril. We deliberately record our conviction, that a more frightful and soul-destroying curse than the Papal heresy was never inflicted upon the human race, by the arch-enemy of God and man. We believe that it is designated in the term, 'The Mother of Harlots;' and that she and her daughters, whom it would not be difficult to name, constitute the Antichrist of Scripture. We believe that her doctrines invade the very foundations of that gospel which she conceals from her deluded victims; that her practice is idolatry, and a standing insult to the Son of God; that her spirit combines the tyrant and the slave; that her morals are impurity and falsehood; and that her unrestrained sway is the reign of ignorance and cruelty, involving the loss of all that makes manhood a privilege—the blighting of virtue, the extinction of intelligence, and the perdition of the soul. It is the special duty of those whose vocation it is to

attend to the public and private ministration of Christian truth in its entireness and simplicity, to use the present opportunity of impressing on all classes of society, and especially on the young and uninstructed, the fatal tendency alike of the doctrines and the practice of the Church of Rome.

But, secondly, while such considerations should deter all who love the truth from a complacent toleration of these deadly errors, so the views which have been presented in the foregoing pages, should withhold them from hounding down their Catholic fellow-subjects to the rabid cry of 'No Popery.' Let them be impressed with a seasonable suspicion, by noticing the quarter from which this cry is raised. It comes from a Church which, as we have shown, is fundamentally at one with Rome, and from a camp filled with traitors to Protestantism. Indeed, it is fully admitted, in the late admirable speeches of the Dean of Bristol, that this invasion, as it is called, has been brought about by the Romanizing clergy of the Church of England; that in tolerating these traitors, both the bishops on the one part, and the laity on the other, have been deeply culpable; and that if the written constitution of that Church is so faltering and unintelligible in the enunciation of its doctrines, as to leave these heresies fair matter of dispute among its clergy, the great body of its members should at once rise up and demand its second reformation.

Thirdly, if it would be unworthy to join in the cry of these effigy-burning and rioting polemics, it would be no less inconsistent and disgraceful in Dissenters to call for the interference of the Legislature in an ecclesiastical dispute. This would, indeed, be to surrender the whole ground on which we as Nonconformists take our stand; namely, that the Legislature has no rightful power to interfere with the subject in spiritual and ecclesiastical concerns. Hence we view with great regret that hasty and ill-judged letter of Lord John Russell to the Bishop of Durham, by which he has purchased a sudden, and we imagine a very transient, mob popularity. His lordship greatly mistakes the temper of the age if he thinks that the British people will permit any Government to take a retrograde step towards religious persecution; and if, in an unguarded and ill-omened hour the Dissenters of Great Britain should lend their influence, even by a silent neutrality, to the enactment of a restrictive statute against their Catholic fellow-countrymen, they will be forging the fetters and twisting the scourges for their own future degradation and torture. Let them ponder in time the fate of Perillus, and take heed to the ancient maxim—

——— 'Nec lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.'

Lastly, we earnestly entreat Dissenters to discern the true

cause of these evils in the protection of any forms of creed and worship by the powers of human law, the sword of the State, the pomp of spiritual nobles, and the possession of exorbitant revenues. The emissaries of Rome seek not us, but ours. It is the overgrown wealth of the Anglican Church which constitutes at once the temptation to invasion, the fee for fraudulent acquiescence, and the bribe to apostasy. If, in the words of Lord Bacon, 'riches are the baggage of virtue,' they are the millstone of religion; nor would the temporary prosperity of the Romish Church be an occasion for such deep concern, were there not a machinery of illegitimate power in the hands of a rival hierarchy, which, if transferred to Papists, would be effectually used to extinguish in Great Britain every ray of religion and virtue, learning, genius, and freedom, that goes to constitute the halo of our national glory. It is the very strength of fortresses which, when they are captured, secures the subjugation of realms. Fellow-countrymen, if you would escape the pestilence, destroy in time the *nidus* that harbours the contagion. THE WAY TO EXTERMINATE TIGERS, IS TO BURN THE JUNGLE.

Brief Notices.

The Works of John Owen, D.D. Edited by the Rev. William H. Goold. Vol. I. pp. cxxii. 494. London and Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

WE are glad to see this volume, and take it as the earnest of a better taste than has recently prevailed in theology. Without ranking amongst those who style Dr. Owen 'the prince of divines,' we entertain so high a regard for many of his treatises—especially those of a practical character—that it affords us very much pleasure to announce the appearance of a new and greatly improved edition of his works. Such an edition has long been called for, and we hasten to report, from the specimen before us, that Messrs. Johnstone and Hunter are most honourably fulfilling their engagement. The edition is unquestionably a good and a cheap one. It is printed in large type, on excellent paper, and the text has been carefully revised; while the sixteen octavo volumes of which it will consist may be procured by an annual subscription of one guinea for three years. When we remember what the edition of 1826, with its many inaccuracies, cost us, we are inclined to envy our juniors the opportunity now afforded them. At any rate, they must not plead, in extenuation of what is jejune and superficial, the difficulty of gaining access to the best human

fountains of theology. These are now brought within the reach of all, and infinite benefit will accrue to the ministry from an honest, diligent, and independent use of them. Owen was one of the great men of a great age, and the study of his writings, with all their wordiness, their involved structure, and perpetual divergence to the right and the left, is one of the best preparations we know for a profound exposition and earnest enforcement of religious truth. To turn from much of the popular theology of our day to such writings as those of Owen, is to substitute giants for dwarfs—the deep, earnest, impassioned feeling which befits the expounders of God's truth, for the lightness and tinsel which betoken what is merely superficial—an agitation of the surface without a movement of the deeper waters.

We are glad to find that the proposal of Messrs. Johnstone and Hunter has already been met by some thousands of subscribers, and cordially recommend our readers—ministerial especially—to avail themselves of such an opportunity.

Mr. Thomson's 'Life of Dr. Owen' is written with considerable ability and sound judgment. Honorable mention is made of previous biographers, to whom, and especially to Mr. Orme, obligation is acknowledged. On the whole, we have rarely read a brief sketch with the accuracy, good taste, scholarship, and impartiality of which, we have been so much pleased. In a word, the biographer, the editor, and the publishers, have executed, with great credit to themselves, their respective parts, and the edition they have jointly produced cannot fail to displace all its predecessors.

We are glad to find that editions of other British divines are contemplated, and do not doubt but that ample encouragement will be afforded the publishers to prosecute their design. To imagine otherwise would be to charge on the ministers of our day a degree of folly and indifference from which they are wholly free.

Discourses on Holy Scripture, with Notes and Illustrations. By John Kelly. London: Snow.

THIS small volume is appropriately dedicated to 'the deacons and members of the Congregational Church, Everton Crescent, Liverpool,' for whose benefit the discourses it contains were delivered. The subjects of these discourses—eight in number—are, 'The New Testament Canon,' 'The Old Testament Canon,' 'Inspiration,' 'The Right Reception of the Word of God,' 'The Spirit in which the Scriptures should be Studied,' 'The Influence of the Gospel on Individual Character,' and 'The Influence of the Bible on Society.' Such topics are most pertinent to the requirements of our day, and we congratulate Mr. Kelly's congregation on having a teacher at once disposed and qualified for their discussion. It would be well if his example were followed by many. As a means of inducing this, we recommend the attentive perusal of these discourses. They are distinguished by some of the best qualities of pulpit exercises. The style of thought is sound and vigorous, manly in its texture, and nervous in expres-

sion. Mr. Kelly is evidently well furnished for his work, and these discourses will scarcely fail to obtain—what they richly merit—a wide and lasting circulation.

The Blank-page Bible. The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, with copious References to Parallel and Illustrative Passages, and the alternate pages ruled for Manuscript Notes in a manner hitherto unattempted. 8vo. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons.

ILLUSTRATIONS of sacred Scripture are constantly occurring to thoughtful minds. The incidents of daily life, and the information of our current literature, point out confirmation or explanation of various passages of the divine word. These are also often suggested by the comparison of Scripture with Scripture, so that an ordinarily attentive reader may collect a goodly amount of the best sort of annotation. To facilitate the practice of making such annotations, the Messrs. Bagster have prepared their blank-paged Bible. It is, indeed, an interleaved Bible. Throughout the book there is on one side a page of the text of our English version, in a remarkably clear type, and on the other side a page of blank paper, ruled, and nicely arranged for manuscript notes. We have seen nothing like it for the convenience of those who desire thus to make their Bible-reading subservient to their improvement in intelligence and spirituality combined. The Messrs. Bagster have rendered good service to the world by their previous publications. By this one we feel they have served us by helping us to serve ourselves. The volume is supplied with several excellent maps and appendices, which greatly increase its practical value. We give it our unqualified recommendation.

Lectures on the Existence and Attributes of the Divine Being. By Thomas Swan. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

THESE lectures are simple, devout, earnest. They contain a large body of truth, spoken in love, and, we doubt not, will answer the end for which the author designs them—the religious benefit of Christians, in a wider circle than that of the congregation to whom they are addressed, and of whom Mr. Swan has long been the honoured and useful pastor.

A Devotional Exposition of the Book of Psalms; containing an Argument to each Psalm, a Paraphrase, suggestive Remarks, and parallel Scriptures in words at length. By Rev. J. Edwards, M.A., &c. London: James Darling.

WE can think of no good end to be answered by the publication of this book. The remark of Sir T. F. Buxton has occurred to us again and again, as we have been going through it, that he did not at all relish Bible and water. The author is evidently a good man, deserving the respect of his fellow-Christians for good intentions. His volume, however, is not deserving their respect. His ‘argument to each psalm’

is a very common-place statement of the contents of the psalm. His 'paraphrase' sadly dilutes the sacred text. His 'suggestive remarks' illustrate the difference between simplicity and simpleness; and his 'parallel scriptures' are by no means equal to those which are provided in our ordinary reference Bibles. The volume is one of a large class of devotional works, which render no help to the renewal of the Christian's strength. They are 'Bible and water.'

A Dissertation on Church Polity. By Andrew Coventry Dick, Esq.
Second Edition. London: Ward & Co.

THIS work has been out of print for many years, and, in common with a large class, we have regretted the fact. Its republication has been frequently called for, but, somehow or other, it has happened that until now the request urgently made from many quarters has been unheeded. The character of the times called for the reappearance of one of the ablest treatises on the Church question which the existing generation has produced; and we are therefore much pleased to see this edition on our table. The work is reprinted with such additions and verbal alterations as are required by the altered state of circumstances since its first publication. We strongly commend it to our readers as one of the best treatises on *the* question of the age. The logician and the gentleman are conspicuous throughout its pages, which are admirably suited to carry conviction to inquiring men who are without the pale of our ordinary tractates.

The Doctrine of the Cherubim. By George Smith, F.A.S. London:
Longman and Co.

It would take a volume to tell the opinions that have been held on the question, 'What was symbolized by the Cherubim?' First of all there was Hutchinson, who would have replied, 'the Trinity.' Then there come some of our German friends, who tell us Moses copied them from the sphinx, and meant to typify the divine attributes. No, say others, Eichhorn at their head, cherubim is the same word, manifestly, as the Persian 'griffin,' a fabulous composite monster who guarded the treasure of the gods. This latter school, however, which gloried in proving that everything in biblical theology was somewhere else first, has passed its zenith, and, in its own soil of Germany, is going fast to its nadir. The last dissertation on the subject known to us is Baehr's, who sees that the cherubim symbolize *creatures* rather than divine attributes, and building on the assumption, that the animal forms of which they are composed were chosen as the highest specimens of creature life, finds a type of creation considered as a manifestation of God's fulness. Our common view keeps fast to the idea of creatures, but loses the symbolical notion in the representation that cherubim *are*, rather than signify, angels. Others say they mean the powers of nature, for is it not written, 'he rode upon a *cherub* and did fly; yea, he did fly on the wings of the *wind*.' There still remains another class

of interpretation altogether, which finds the antitype in *man*—in his connexion with the atonement of Christ; with these differences, that some (Cocceius, &c.) refer to the ministers of the Church (!); others to 'manhood perfected through Christ;' and others, to whom Mr. Smith belongs, to the perfected *individuals* rather than the perfected *nature*—the Church. In such a whirl of varying conjectures (for the best are little more) we are glad to be able to mention one volume which carefully examines the whole materials in Scripture before beginning to build a theory. The work before us is distinguished by a complete treatment of the subject. The other expositions we have referred to are all founded on parts, rather than on the whole, of the Biblical notices of the cherubim; some of them, indeed, formally proceed on the postulate that it is impossible to weave all into any one theory. Mr. Smith, on the other hand, seeks to draw his conclusion from a careful study of all that the Bible says on the matter; and by his diligence, modesty, and sound criticism, has made a very valuable addition to our aids for understanding a difficult subject. We can honestly commend the volume as a specimen of patient thoroughness, as well as sound reasoning, such as we seldom now find in English Biblical works.

The Influence of the Hebrew and Christian Revelations on Ancient Heathen Writers. Hulsean Prize Essay for 1849. By Samuel Tomkins. Cambridge: Deighton.

WE must congratulate the author of this volume, that the scholarship which was sown and nourished in the unhonoured seclusion of a Dissenting academy, is now in a fair way to fructify and be seen of men in the sunlight of Cambridge.

This essay is full of erudition, and marked by devout regard for the honour of the divine revelation in Scripture. We cannot speak in too high terms of the scholarlike industry which it exhibits; the fruits of long patient research are scattered liberally over its pages; and so far as the collection of passages from heathen writers, bearing a striking similiarity to scriptural expressions, can settle the question, it is settled here. But we should have been glad to find further study of the subject proposed from a somewhat higher point of view. The author assumes throughout, that it is impossible for what *he* calls *unaided reason* (which *Paul* calls '*God's law written on the heart*') to arrive at truths so near those of divine revelation, as are scattered through heathen writers. But we have found nowhere in this volume a satisfactory discussion of the question, 'Is it so?' It is not enough to say, 'man's progress is downwards'—granted. But we have to do, in this instance, with the thoughts of men who, by the very fact that, when generation on generation have died, silent and forgotten, their names live, are proved to be higher than their fellows; and we want to know why of these picked men of the race, it is so confidently pronounced they could not come to any knowledge of divine truth—and whatever in their thoughts shows like a gleam of it, is a borrowed gleam. Borrowed, we know it is—but borrowed from the Bible?

This volume, however, gives us little more than instances of simi-

larity, on which, in general, we should like to say that it too readily assumes similarity to prove a *historical* community of origin—a historical transmission; secondly, that similarities to be satisfactory, should be something more than neutral; a line in an ode, a sentiment, or feeling, the common teaching of nature to an eye

‘That hath kept watch o’er man’s mortality,’

should be something organic, or peculiar otherwise to the supposed original; and thirdly, that we demur to the value of the witnesses from whom the author has chiefly drawn his representations of the philosophers of Greece, as shown by his frequent reference to them as authorities—the fathers, Eusebius, Lactantius, and others of their era, who manifestly were concerned to make ‘a party for themselves in antiquity against their own age.’

It is unnecessary to go into a more minute detail of the individual instances of similarity adduced by Mr. Tomkins. Though not fully assenting to the extent to which he pushes his conclusion, we cannot but express our high sense of the indefatigable industry with which he has collected his illustrations—an industry which must make his volume a treasure-house of authorities for all future investigators, and of the deep spirit of religion which is breathed through the whole.

Barnes on the Gospels. Part I. Green’s Edition. London: Green.

How many editions of Barnes we are to have no one can tell. This one is like its predecessors, is said to be rather cheaper, and has been subjected to a correction by the editor, chiefly as it seems for the purpose of detecting typographical errors in the American editions.

The Wesleyan Methodist Missions in Jamaica and Honduras delineated &c. By Rev. Peter Samuel. London: Partridge and Oakey.

THIS volume contains an immense mass of facts put into chronological order; and, we believe, is perfectly trustworthy; but the author seems singularly destitute of power to combine and dispose, and so gives us chronicles from which a reader must extract the history for himself. For any one who will do this, there are abundant materials here. The author has most rigidly kept to his title, ‘Wesleyan Methodist Missions.’ We would just venture to hint that when a man writes a book about Jamaica and slavery without the name of Knibb being found in its pages, he either commits a suppression of truth which is the mark of bigotry, or is convicted of gross ignorance on the subject.

Spiritual Heroes; or, Sketches of the Puritans, their Character and Times. By John Stoughton. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: J. Snow.

THIS edition is but slightly distinguished from its predecessor, save in the addition of a chapter entitled, ‘Baxter at Kidderminster.’ We have already expressed our opinion on the merits of the work, and see no reason to alter it. The judgment of the public we conclude to be favorable from the appearance of a second edition. We congratulate

Mr. Stoughton on the fact, and shall be glad to learn that his labours have stimulated inquiry, and led our younger people, especially, to make themselves more familiar with the character and views of our Puritan fathers.

The Life of James Davies, a Village Schoolmaster. By Sir Thomas Phillips. London: Parker.

THIS little volume is the sketch of a very beautiful life—that of a poor Welsh schoolmaster, whose unworldliness of character and constant Christian liberality are worthily commemorated. The incidents are few, the life simple, memorable as it would seem, for but one thing—practical self-consecration—and so distinguished for that, that no Christian man can read without being bettered. As to the way in which the narrative is presented, there is rather too much Church of Englandism and sounding of trumpets; but that does not affect the lesson that the life teaches.

The Task of the Age. An Inquiry into the Condition of the Working Classes. By D. G. Paine. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

WE welcome every sincere labourer in the field; and can recommend this volume as the production of an honest, right-thinking mind. It does not contain anything very original, but reiterates forcibly important truths, on the recognition of which the welfare of England depends.

Nineveh: its Rise and Ruin. By the Rev. John Blackburn. London: Partridge and Oakey.

MR. BLACKBURN has skilfully indicated the salient points in Layard's researches, so far as they may be brought to the illustration of the scriptural notices of Nineveh. 'The interest created by the delivery of portions of the volume from the pulpit, has led to its publication,'—and so on. To persons who have not money and time for Layard, Mr. Blackburn will prove an interesting guide.

The Mercy Seat. Thoughts Suggested by the Lord's Prayer. By Gardiner Spring, D.D. Edinburgh: Clark.

POPULAR sermons, in a pleasing style, not too profound, and imbued with pious feeling. So much for the book. As for the edition, it is handsomer, and rather more expensive, than that by another publisher; but which is the true original, we know not.

Science Simplified. By the Rev. D. Williams, M.A. London: Piper.

DIFFERS in few respects from the shoals of catechisms on natural philosophy. It has a great deal of information, and seems accurate. It treats of physiology, both animal and vegetable, mechanics, optics, astronomy, and geology.

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.

My *exclusive* responsibility closes with the present number. A new Series will be commenced in January under the joint editorship of Dr. Stowell and myself, and the readers of the 'Eclectic' will, I feel assured, have much cause to regard the change with more than simple complacency. Of my own efforts to sustain the future reputation of the journal, it would be unbecoming in me to speak. What they have been is known to the readers of the 'Eclectic,' and from them a conclusion may be formed of what they *will* be. Of my future associate, however, I might speak freely, were it not that his position, attainments, and ability, render it superfluous to do so; and that any commendatory expression from me would savor of presumption and vanity rather than serve a useful purpose. The association with one whom I so highly esteem, and who has been for many years a literary contributor to the 'Eclectic,' will be as pleasing to myself as it will prove useful to the Journal.

For some years past, I have been urged, from various quarters, to reduce the price of the 'Eclectic,' in order to insure it a much wider and more influential circulation. I have again and again seriously contemplated doing so, and have been deterred only by the fear that the change might possibly endanger the Journal itself. That the alteration recommended would be ultimately successful, I have never doubted. But in order to its being fairly tried, larger resources than were at my command appeared to me to be needful. These having now been supplied, I hasten, with much pleasure, to make the contemplated change. More than this I must not say, lest I wound where I least intend it; but so much is due to my own feelings, and to the friends of the 'Eclectic,' for whose benefit this service has been rendered. The price of the journal will consequently *be reduced to eighteen-pence, while its size will remain undiminished.*

I will only add, that no pains will be spared by Dr. Stowell and myself to render the Review worthy of the great names associated with its past history, and the yet greater principles with which it is identified. The best literary aid will be secured. No deterioration of *quality* will result from the reduction of price. What the Review has been in principle it will continue to be; but as a literary organ, we hope to render its contents more varied, of a higher character, and of more

general and commanding interest. I need scarcely express the hope, that those who are attached to the Journal will promptly and vigorously employ themselves to insure the immediate success of the experiment we are about to make.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. C. C. Southey, M.A. Vol. VI.

Lectures on the Existence and Attributes of the Divine Being. By Thomas Swan.

Poems: Legendary and Historical. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., and the Rev. Geo. W. Cox, S.C.L.

An Analysis and Summary of Thucydides; with a Chronological Table of Principal Events, &c. By the Author of "An Analysis and Summary of Herodotus."

Lectures on the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations. By Count Valerian Krasinski.

Nineveh: its Rise and Ruin, as illustrated by Ancient Scriptures and Modern Discoveries. A Course of Lectures, delivered at Claremont Chapel, London. With Additions and Supplementary Notes. By the Rev. John Blackburn.

The Apostle of the Gentiles and his Glorifying. A Sermon, preached in Cherry-street Chapel, Birmingham. By John Barritt Melson, M.D.

The Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures. A Lecture, delivered at the Chapel of Stepney College, on the opening of the Session, September 18, 1850. With Notes. By John Howard Hinton, M.A.

The Four Gospels combined; or, the Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as narrated by the Four Evangelists. Being a Chronological Arrangement of the Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

On the Construction of Locks and Keys. By John Chubb, Ass. Inst. C.E.
Glimmerings in the Dark; or, Lights and Shadows of the Olden Time. By F. Somner Merryweather.

The Christian Sabbath considered in its various Aspects, by Ministers of Different Denominations. With Preface, by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel.

Additional Annotations, Critical, Philological, and Explanatory, on the New Testament. Being a Supplemental Volume to the Greek Testament, with English Notes. Two Vols. By Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D., of Cambridge and Oxford.

An Enquiry into M. Antoine d'Abbadie's Journey to Kaffa, to discover the Source of the Nile. By Chas. T. Beke, Ph. D., F.S.A.

The Art of Conversation. A Lecture, addressed to the Young, delivered before the Members of the Mechanics' Institute, Launceston, Van Dieman's Land, May 18, 1849. By William Henty.

The American Biblical Repository. Conducted by J. M. Sherwood. Third Series. Vol. VI. No. 4.

- Dara ; or, the Minstrel Prince. An Indian Drama. By Major Vetch.
- The Palladium. A Monthly Journal of Literature, Politics, Science, and Art. Nov. 1850. Part V.
- The Children's Own Sunday Book. By Julia Corner.
- Spiritual Heroes ; or, Sketches of the Puritans, their Character and Times. By John Stoughton. Second Edition, revised and enlarged.
- A Dissertation on Church Polity. By Andrew Coventry Dick, Esq., Advocate. Second Edition.
- Serpents in Hedges. A Plea for moderation in the hours employed in business. By Samuel Martin, Minister of Westminster Chapel.
- Wayside Tracts, issued under the Superintendence of the Rev. Henry Cameron.
- The Philosophy of Spirits in Relation to Matter. By C. M. Burnett, M.D.
- The Acknowledged Doctrines of the Church of Rome. Being an Exposition of Roman Catholic Doctrines, as set forth by esteemed Doctors of the said Church, and confirmed by repeated publication with the Sanction of Bishops and Ministers of her Communion. By Samuel Cappe.
- The Papal Invasion : how to Defeat it. An Appeal to British Protestants. By James Carlile, D.D., Editor of the 'Protestant World.'
- Pleasant Pages for Young People. Part V.
- The Bath Fables ; or, Morals, Manners, and Faith. With Illustrative Prose from many Writers of celebrity. By Sheridan Wilson, F.S.A. Second Edition.
- A Memoir of the Rev. Henry Watson Fox, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, Missionary to the Jelogoo People, South India. By the Rev. George Townsend Fox, B.A. of Durham. With a Preface, by the Rev. H. V. Elliott, M.A. Second Edition.
- Autumn Evening Verses. By John Stebbing.
- The Romish Hierarchy in England. A Sermon preached at Devonshire-Square Chapel, London, on the 3rd Nov. 1850. By the Rev. John Howard Hinton, M.A.
- Sacramental Religion subversive of Vital Christianity. Two Sermons, preached at Bloomsbury Chapel, on Sunday, Nov. 3, 1850. By the Rev. Wm. Brock.
- Part XLVI. of National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Theea—Tredgold.
- No Popery ! The Cry examined. By Edward Swaine.
- Part II. of the Bible of Every Land.
- Part IX. of the Life and Epistles of St. Paul.
- Mental and Moral Excellence, and the Way to attain it. Exhibited in Memoirs of the Rev. John Hessel, consisting chiefly of Extracts from his Journal and Correspondence. By the Rev. Joshua Priestley.
- Daily Bible Illustrations. Being original Readings for a Year on Subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Antiquities, and Theology. By John Kitto, D.D. Samuel, Saul, and David. July—September.
- An Enquiry into the Principles of the Distribution of Wealth most conducive to Human Happiness. By Wm. Thompson. A New Edition, by Wm. Pare.
- Imagination. An Original Poem. In Two Parts. By Spero.
- England's Danger, and England's Duty. A Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, on Tuesday, Nov. 5, 1850. By the Rev. J. E. Cox, M.A., F.S.A.
- Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting the Reason, and Seeking Truth in the Sciences. By Descartes. Translated from the French. With an Introduction.

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